The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 136. Vol. XXIII. JANUARY, 1903. Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 135
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 138
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 140
THE READER—
Mr. Kipling: Where does he Stand? By Wilfred Whitten 141
G. K. Chesterton. By C. F. G. Masterman 145
The Centenary of Douglas Jerrold. By Lewis Melville 149
NEW BOOKS—
Mr. Sidney Lee's "Queen Victoria." By A. T. Quiller-Couch 152
Politics and Religion in Scotland. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 154
The Life of Max Müller. By Prof. Alex. Macalister 156
Good Queen Anne. By Thomas Seccombe 158
The Other Side. By A. St. John Adcock 160
A Literary Life. By Wilfred Whitten 162
The Perils of Democracy. By Dr. William Barry 164
Merejkowski on Tolstoy. By Edward Garnett 166
A Book which Needed a Preface. By Y. Y. 167
NOVEL NOTES—
The Rack of this Rough World—The King's Agent—The Relations—A Lady's Honour—A Romance of the Tuileries—The Dream and the Man—Mariella of Out West—The Founding of Fortunes — Etc., etc. 168-169
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Twelve Portraits—In Pursuit of the "Mad Mullah"—With General French in South Africa—The Called of God—The Progress of New Zealand—Studies in the Lives of the Saints—Etc., etc. 170-171
THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 172

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we have pleasure in presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures connected with the life and writings of Rudyard Kipling, and have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling for kind permission to include photographs of his residence at Lahore; to the Hon. John Collier for allowing us to reproduce his famous portraits of Mr. Kipling; to Mr. A. P. Watt for the loan of valuable Indian editions of Kipling's stories and for other assistance rendered; to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for permitting us to make use of a portrait from Bryden's "Wood-cut Portfolio" in producing our Art Wrapper; to Miss Kathleen Shaw for the reproduction of her statuette of Mowgli; to Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, Ltd., for the painting by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, of which they own the copyright; to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for the loan of etchings by William Strang and many other illustrations; to Mr. William Heinemann for the drawing by William Nicholson; to Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. for placing at our disposal several pictures from the *Windsor Magazine;* to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., for illustrations from "War's Brighter Side" and from *Pearson's Magazine;* to Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., for a drawing from "Departmental Ditties"; and to the respective proprietors and editors of the *Review of Reviews, Vanity Fair, Pall Mall Magazine, Sphere, Punch,* and *McClure's Magazine,* etc., etc., for permission to insert numerous reproductions in this issue, and for other facilities courteously afforded.

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS (G. M. ROBINS).
A review of whose new book appears in another column.
Photo by Whiteley, London.

Mr. Spielmann is making good progress with the "Life of Kate Greenaway," but it is yet too soon to fix a date for its appearance. The great mass of her correspondence has to be carefully sifted, and although only the most important and interesting of the letters will be retained, they will be a striking feature of the book. The artist left an autobiographical fragment, besides other writings, and there will be a wealth of pictorial material for illustrations.

Judging from the reports which reach us from New York, the boom in American fiction is over and the inevitable reaction has set in. Booksellers complain that they are glutted with novels, and doubtless there will soon be an end to the scramble among the publishers for what, we believe, they call historical romances. The change in the situation may be due to over-production or to the development of taste among American readers, but in either case it should be beneficial in the long run. Here the reaction against the tyranny of the novel began some time ago.

It is extraordinary how the great popularity of high price art books still continues. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. published last month "The Life and Works of John Raphael Smith," by Mrs. Frankau. The first volume of the work consisted of a portfolio containing fifty beautiful examples of this well-known eighteenth century engraver, and the second volume contained his life and a description of his works. The price was

30 guineas net, and we understand that the books are now changing hands at a very handsome premium. Mrs. Frankau is now engaged upon the "Lives and Works of James and William Ward," two more

MR. ARTHUR PATERSON.
Whose new novel, "The King's Agent," is reviewed in another column.
Photo by Thos. Fall, Baker Street, W.

eighteenth century artists and engravers. This book will be uniform with the John Raphael Smith, and although it is not to be published until the autumn of 1904, every copy of the 350 of which the edition will consist has been subscribed for, and more might have been sold had the edition been larger.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling sailed for the Cape on the 27th of last month, and will, we understand, again take up his residence in the house which was lent to him by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. We seem to remember some very interesting photographs of this house ("The Woolsack") appearing some few months ago in either *Country Life* or the *Ladies' Field*.

We hear there are sufficient short stories written by the late Mr. Bret Harte, and not hitherto published in volume form, to make a new book, and that this will be published in the spring of the new year. The book will include "Trent's Trust," a story which we remember having read when it appeared as a three or four part serial in the *Century Magazine*.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers will, we hear, publish "Q.'s" new novel, "Hetty Wesley," in this country in the autumn of next year.

The series of stories which Mr. Morrison is at present contributing under the general title of "The Red Triangle" to Messrs. Harmsworth's Magazine will, when the serial publication is completed, be published in book form by Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash. The stories deal with the famous detective, Martin Hewitt.

Mr. Egerton Castle has, in collaboration with Mrs. Castle, recently completed the MSS. of a series of short stories, which are to be issued under the general title of "The Incomparable Bellairs." The stories will be published in this country in *Pearson's Magazine*, and simultaneously in New York in *Collier's Weekly*.

A new Sunday magazine is to be started in the spring by the proprietors of a very successful family periodical. The aim is to provide a magazine of good wholesome reading fit for religious households.

The translation of Zola's last work, "Truth," has now been completed by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus expect to publish it early in the year, probably this month.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has, in conjunction with Mr. H. G. Rhodes, dramatised his novel, "Captain Dieppe," and it will be produced both here and in America at an early date.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. are, we understand, to be the publishers in book form of the new novel, "Maids of Paradise," by Mr. Robert W. Chambers, which has been running serially in *Collier's Weekly*. Our readers are no doubt aware that this is the Mr. Chambers who is the author of "Ashes of Empire," "Cardigan," and other novels which have only been less popular in England than they have been in America.

Messrs. Newnes will publish the new series of "Brigadier Gerard" stories, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in book form on the completion of the serial publication in the *Strand Magazine*.

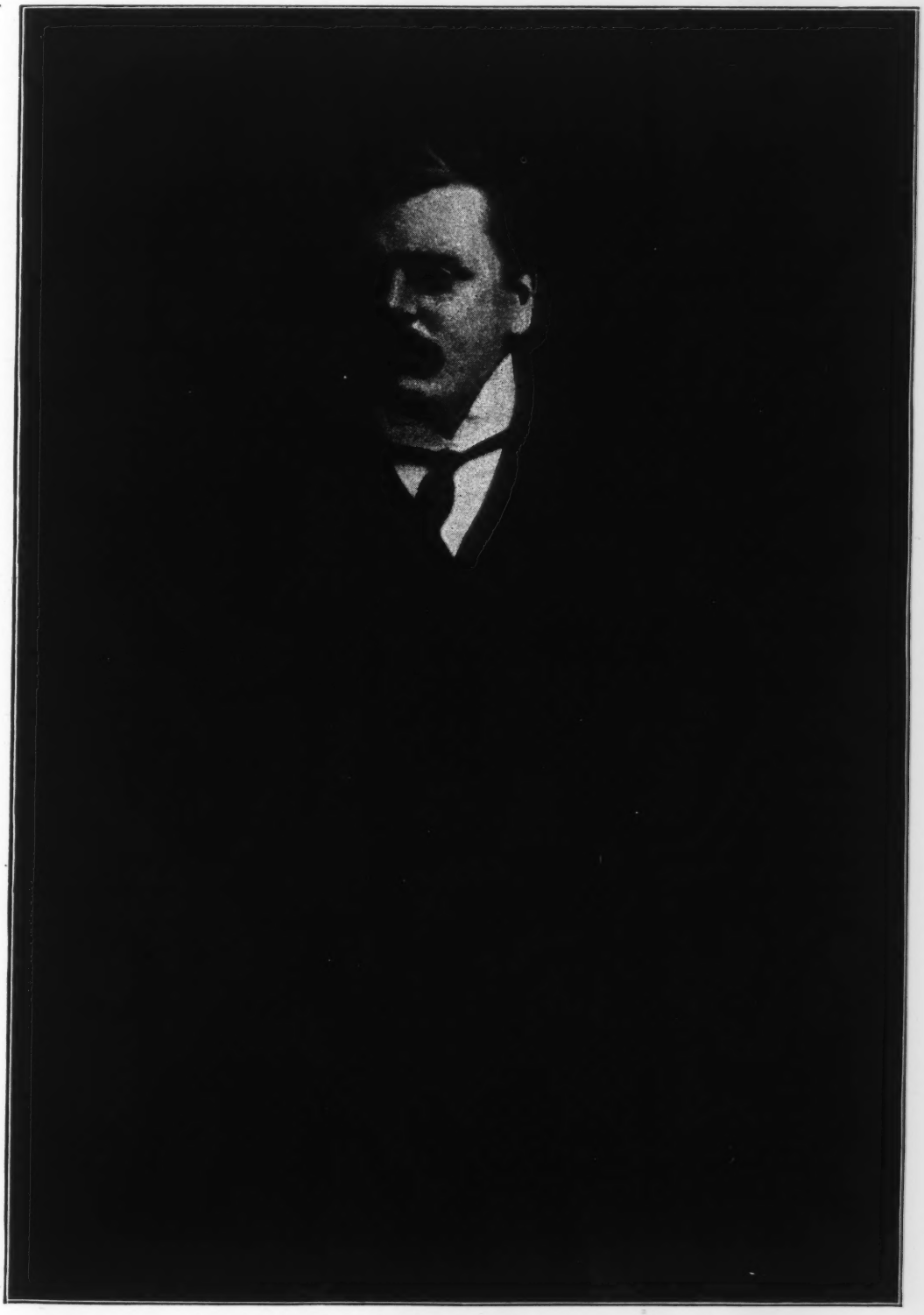
The dramatised version of "A Gentleman of France" is again on tour in America, and is drawing full houses in all the large cities. The dramatisation of Mr. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" is also

MISS AGNES GIBERNE.
The author of "The Rack of this Rough World," reviewed in this number.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

being presented in the United States with continued success.

Mr. R. S. Hichens is at present travelling in Sicily.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. will publish Mr.



G. K. CHESTERTON.

From a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Rider Haggard's new novel, "Stella Frigelius," on the completion of the serial publication in *T.P.'s Weekly*. They will also issue the story in book form in America.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, "Barlasch of the Guard," the serial publication of which begins this month in the *Cornhill Magazine*, is being brought out simultaneously in America in Mr. Brisben Walker's magazine, the *Cosmopolitan*.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new one-act play, "The Searchlight," which was published in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, was, we hear, played for copyright purposes at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 19th of November.

The next three volumes that Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons are adding to their pretty little series of "Miniature Lives of the Painters" are Millais, Millet, and Murillo. These will be published early this year.

Mr. William Heinemann expects to have ready for publication during January vols. 1 and 3 of Messrs. Gosse and Garnett's "History of Literature."

The additional volumes that Mr. Grant Richards has in contemplation to be published during the year in his successful series of the "World's Classics" are:—"The Scarlet Letter," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Henry Esmond," "Ivanhoe," "English Traits," "The Mill on the Floss," "Selected English Essays," "Essays by David Hume," "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," "Gibbon's Roman Empire," vol. 1; "Pope's Odyssey," "Dryden's Virgil," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Longfellow's Poems," "Tristram Shandy."

The new Dooley book, entitled "The Observations of Mr. Dooley," will be published early this month by Mr. Heinemann.

Among the new novels to be issued during the early part of the year by Messrs. Chatto and Windus are:—"Haviland's Chum," by Bertram Mitford; "Overdue," by W. Clark Russell; "In Clarissa's Day," by Sarah Tytler; "The Woman of Mystery," by Georges Ohnet; "The Tideway," by Austin Clare; "The Wilful Way," by Herbert Compton; "Rosebury," by L. T. Meade; "The Magic of To-morrow," by Cyril Seymour; "Knitters in the Sun," by Algernon Gissing; "The Heart of a Girl," by Florence Warden; "The Man who Lost his Past," by Frank Richardson. Mr. Richardson is also publishing through Messrs. Chatto and Windus another novel, entitled "Semi-Society," a story that, we understand, deals with the Convict as well as the Society side of life.

From Photo by [*Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*

MR. W. B. S. SMITH.

Who recently purchased the *Week's Survey*, which he is now editing.

Mr. A. H. Bullen has in the press a very pretty little edition of "The Memoirs of Count Grammont," in two volumes, that he will issue very shortly.

Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash will publish at the end of January a new novel by Morley Roberts, entitled "The Promotion of the Admiral and other Sea Commanders." In February he will publish Mr. Thos. Cobb's new novel, "The Intriguers."

Mr. Albert Vandam has in the press a new volume, entitled "Men and Manners of the Third Republic." It will be full of chatty reminiscences and stories, and will contain several illustrations. Messrs. Chapman and Hall expect to issue this work during the course of February.

Mr. W. S. Lilly's "Some Chapters of European History" has been out of print some years. The author has now virtually rewritten and enlarged the book, and it will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at an early date, under the title of "Christianity and Modern Civilisation."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1902.

The reports as to the state of trade during the past few weeks have been rather conflicting, and it would appear that an undoubted element of slackness is in places being experienced, although, taking the market as a whole, it may safely be assumed that the demand has been a fairly average one. Various contributive causes still continue to infuse an air of uncertainty, and to exercise a restraining influence upon the public purse. There is certainly not that buoyancy in the sales which was anticipated from the indications of the earlier portion of the season, but much development may yet take place before the arrival of the Festival.

Art Books and Gift Books, abundantly illustrated, are the items of the moment, and a large and varied assortment are before the public. Several of the issues mentioned in our last report are still attracting many purchasers, and among the more recent additions notice must be taken of "Egypt," painted and described by R. Talbot Kelly. The "Holy Land," by J. Fulleylove, R.I., has also met with much success.

The 6s. novel is always with us, and the sales during the past month have been very large. The output for the present season is practically concluded, and the two most popular issues of the month have been "Glengarry Days," by Ralph Connor, and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," by the author of that formerly successful "Visits of Elizabeth." The list of works in this class is so extensive that it is extremely difficult to specify, but mention must be made of the large demand for "The Little White Bird," "The Sheep Stealers," "Youth," "The Four Feathers,"

"The Intrusions of Peggy," "Fuel of Fire," "The Vultures," "Paul Kelver," and "Donna Diana."

At 5s., "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has sold readily.

Amongst the great number of gift books for the youthful portion of the community the leading line has pre-eminently been the "Just So Stories" of Rudyard Kipling, and its popularity appears to increase as the season advances. The "Book of Romance," by Andrew Lang, has sold readily, whilst among other noticeable favourites may be mentioned "The Golliwogg's Air-Ship," Grant Richards' Annual, "Who's Who at the Zoo," "Peggy and Jill," "Mr. Punch's Book for Children," "A B C of Everyday People," and "The Snow Baby."

The revival of interest in literature connected with the South African Campaign has received a great impetus by the appearance of the several volumes mentioned in our last report. The orders placed for De Wet's "Three Years War" were very large, and upon the appearance of the volume it was soon evident that it would prove to be one of the leading items of the season. The sales have been very rapid, and the repeat orders have in many cases been very large and well maintained. Viljoen's "Reminiscences of the War," "On the Heels of De Wet," and "With General French and the Cavalry" have attracted much attention, and secured numerous purchasers.

The "Memoirs of Paul Kruger" have fallen far short of the measure of success which was looked for in some quarters.

"Wesley's Journal" continues to be a popular line, and sells very freely, doubtless helped by the fact that the preface was one of the last literary productions of the late Hugh Price Hughes.

Few authors during recent years have had such a hold upon boys as the late George Henty, and his death has accentuated the demand for "With Kitchener in the Soudan," "With the British Legion," and "The Treasure of the Incas," which are amongst his most recent productions.

A new "Life of Queen Victoria" has just come from the pen of Sidney Lee, and has been very favourably received.

The annual volumes of all the most popular juvenile magazines are now in full swing, and have helped to form a very large portion of the month's trade.

The list of books which have been most in demand is necessarily somewhat lengthy.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Vultures. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Moth and Rust. By Mary Cholmondeley. (J. Murray.)
Fuel of Fire. By Ellen T. Fowler. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
Glengarry Days. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Sheep Stealers. By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)
Youth. By J. Conrad. (W. Blackwood.)
Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. (Smith, Elder.)
Cecilia. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Paul Kelver. By J. K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)
Donna Diana. By R. Bagot. (E. Arnold.)
Flower o' the Corn. By S. R. Crockett. (J. Clarke.)
Highway of Fate. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By A. C. Hegan. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Snow Baby. By J. D. Peary. 6s. (Isbister.)

A PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
By Joseph W. Simpson.
The first of a Series of portraits of eminent men of letters to be issued by Messrs. R. Grant and Son, of Edinburgh, under the title of "The Literary Portrait Series."
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers.)

The Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)
Adventures of Downey V. Green. By G. Calderon. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Life of J. M. W. Turner. By Sir W. Armstrong. £8 8s. (Agnew.)
Egypt Painted and Described. By R. Talbot Kelly. 20s. net. (Black.)
The Holy Land. Painted by J. Fulleylove. 20s. net. (Black.)
Three Years War. By C. De Wet. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)
My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War. By Ben Viljoen. 6s. (Hood, Douglas.)
On the Heels of De Wet. By the Intelligence Officer. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
With General French and the Cavalry. By C. S. Goldmann. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
John Wesley's Journal. Abridged by P. L. Parker. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Book of Romance. By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Golliwogg's Air-ship. By F. Upton. 6s. (Longmans.)
Who's Who at the Zoo. By L. B. Thompson. 5s. (Gay and Bird.)
Mr. Punch's Book for Children. By Chas. Pears. 6s. (Bradbury.)
Henty's Books, especially With Kitchener in the Soudan, With the British Legion, and The Treasure of the Incas. (Blackie.)
Many prize books issued from such popular houses as Nelson, Blackie, Chambers, Religious Tract Society, S.P.C.K., etc., etc.
Queen Victoria's Life. By Sidney Lee. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Annual volumes, Almanacks and Diaries, and yearly volumes of reference, such as Whitaker's Almanac, *Daily Mail* Year Book, and Hazell's Annual.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Nov. 22—A large amount of Trade in all departments.
,, 29—Considerable activity in the Home Trade.
Dec. 6—Business well maintained. Export rather quiet.
,, 13—A very busy week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 20TH, 1902.

Continued preparations for a brisk Christmas trade were apparent on all hands. Booksellers having completed their purchasing, kept looking forward with some anxiety to disposing of their stock.

The event of the month was undoubtedly the appearance of De Wet's book, "The Three Years War," which created much interest, and resulted in very satisfactory business.

Following upon this important book came General Viljoen's account of his experiences, which sold well, and there was revived some considerable attention to other works connected with the late war, notably "On the Heels of De Wet" and "The Life of the late General Wauchope."

A feature of the month's business worth recording was the issue of a book of high value by Mr. Sidney Lee, Editor of "Dictionary of Biography," on Queen Victoria.

Many enquiries were made for books dealing with the life of Dr. Parker; and the popular edition of "John Wesley's Journal" continued to sell well.

The leading religious work of the month proved to be Professor Denney's volume on "The Death of Christ." On account of the popularity of Mr. Ambrose Shepherd, his book entitled "The Gospel and Social Questions" was readily bought, and the two volumes issued in connection with the recent lamented death of Professor A. B. Davidson gained attention.

Of course children's books formed no inconsiderable part of trade done. Very prominent was the continued sale of Kipling's "Just So Stories," "Punch's Book for Children," and the amusing little books in the "Dumpy" series and the "Little Ones' Library."

Six-shilling novels were represented well in requests for Barrie's "Little White Bird," Fowler's "Fuel of Fire," Mason's "Four Feathers," Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust," Hope's "Intrusions of Peggy," Wister's "Virginians," Connor's "Glengarry Days," and Jacob's "Sheep Stealers."

"The Poetry of Robert Browning," by Stopford Brooke, had a satisfactory sale, and Dr. Hugh Macmillan's latest book, "The Poetry of Plants," was also successful.

As usual the volumes of "Chatterbox," "Sunday," "Our Darlings," and "The Prizes" were readily bought for the young folks, and Louis Wain's Annual was as popular as ever.

The following is our list of best selling books throughout the month:—

Three Years War. By Christiaan De Wet. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)
Reminiscences of the War. By General Ben Viljoen. 6s. (Hood.)
On the Heels of De Wet. By an Officer. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Life of General Wauchope. By W. Baird. 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Fuel of Fire. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Glengarry Days. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Sheep Stealers. By Violet Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Virginians. By Owen Wister. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
John Wesley's Journal. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
The Death of Christ. By Professor Denney. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Gospel and Social Questions. By A. Shepherd. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Called of God. By Professor Davidson. 6s. (Clarke.)
The Poetry of R. Browning. By Stopford A. Brooke. 10s. 6d. (Isbister.)
The Poetry of the Plants. By Dr. H. Macmillan. 6s. (Isbister.)
Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
Life of Dr. Parker. By Dr. Adamson. 6s. net. (Cassell.)
Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Louis Wain's Annual. 1s. (Treherne.)
Mr. Punch's Book for Children. 6s. (Bradley.)
Whitaker's Almanac. 1s. and 2s. 6d.
The *Daily Mail* Year Book. 1s.

The Booksellers' Diary.

JANUARY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

January 6th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—An Outsider's Year, 6s. (John Long)

January 7th.

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Fugitive Anne, 6s. ... (John Long)

January 8th.

TYTLER, SARAH.—In Clarissa's Day, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)

January 9th.

COOK, ALEC.—The Parish Doctor, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 10th.

South Africa and Its Future, 7s. 6d. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SHAKESPEARE.—Winter's Tale, Henry VIII., 2 Vols. Windsor Ed. 2s. net per vol. ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

January 12th.

HALLIDAY, MARY.—Marriage on £200 a Year, 1s. (Horace Marshall)

January 13th.

BURGIN, G. B.—The Shutters of Silence, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 15th.

NORRIS, W. E.—Lord Leonard 6s. ..... (Methuen)
WAINEMANN, P.—By a Finnish Lake, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
OHNET, GEORGES.—The Woman of Mystery, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
UPWARD, ALLEN.—The Queen Against Owen (New Edition), 2s. ..... (Chatto)

January 16th.

KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—An Unwise Virgin, 6s. (John Long)

January 20th.

GILBERT, HENRY (Editor).—The Literary Year Book, 6s. (George Allen)

January 22nd.

MAKGILL, G.—Outside and Overseas, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
PENNY, MRS. F. E.—A Mixed Marriage, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SERGEANT, ADELAIDE.—The Yellow Diamond, 6s. (Methuen)
CLARE, AUSTIN.—The Tideway, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
CAINE, HALL.—A Son of Hagar (New Edition), 6s. ..... (Chatto)
RICHARDSON, FRANK.—The Man who Lost his Past, 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
BESANT, WALTER.—All Sorts and Conditions of Men (New fine paper Edition), 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Chatto)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—Crimson Lilies, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 24th.

Scottish Portraits, Portfolio II., 21s. net ... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Edinburgh Waverley Novels, Vols. 41, 42, 6s. net each ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

January 27th.

FORSTER, R. H.—The Last Foray, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 29th.

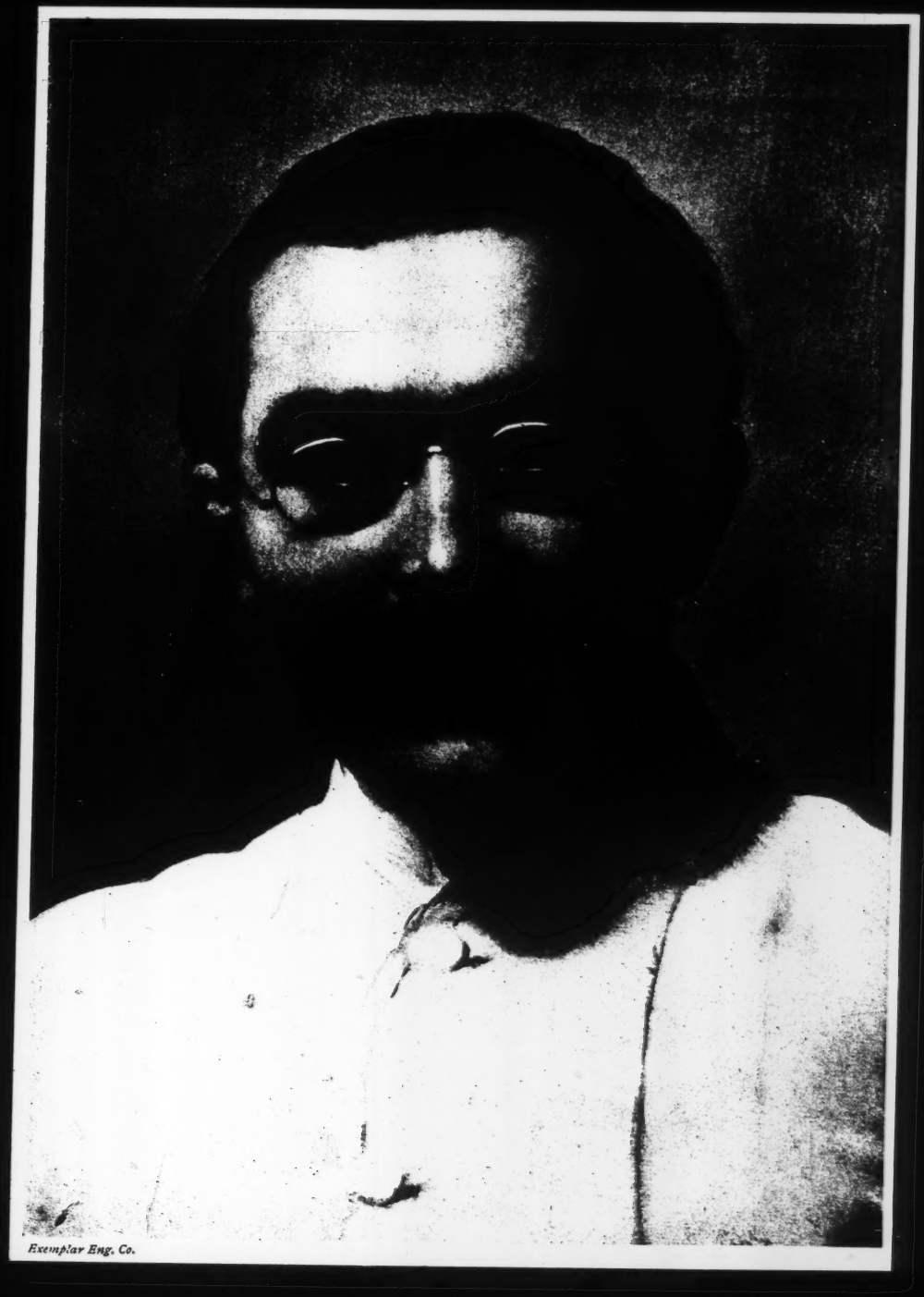
NESBIT, E.—The Red House, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
RANDAL, J.—Aunt Bethia's Button, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
ABBOTT, J. H. M.—Plain and Veldt, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
COMPTON, HERBERT.—The Wilful Way, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Gates of Wrath, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)

February 4th.

BULLOCK, SHAN F.—The Squireen, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FORREST, R. E.—Desolation, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GORDON, JULIAN.—World's People, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MITFORD, BERTRAM.—Haviland's Chum, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
WALTON AND COTTON.—The Complete Angler (New fine paper Edition), 2s and 3s. net ..... (Chatto)
HUNGERFORD, MRS.—In Durance Vile (New Edition), 3s 6d. (Chatto)
GOWING, MRS. AYLMER.—By Thames and Tiber, 6s. (John Long)
GRIFFITHS, GEORGE.—The World Masters, 6s. ... (John Long)

XUM

XUM



Exemplar Eng. Co.

XUM

XUM

The Reader.

MR KIPLING: WHERE DOES HE STAND?

By WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE LAST CHANTY.

From a Drawing by Laurence Housman.

"Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:—
'Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day,
That Our Word may be established shall we gather up the Sea?'"

(Reproduced from the *Pall Mall Magazine* by kind permission of the Editor.)

MR. KIPLING and the public have had a magnificent run together, and now there is a natural halt, and a mood of quiet and surmise. What of the future? That is to say, what of the past? Have we seen Mr. Kipling training or racing? Have we been to the rehearsal or the play? I do not imagine that I can begin to answer this question, but neither do I suppose that readers of THE BOOKMAN would wish me to deal with any other. It is the question of the hour in regard to Mr. Kipling; there is no other vital question; and the least and the most that can be done is to jot down such thoughts as seem helpful to discussion.

The main, perhaps the only, thing to seek out is the true nature of Mr. Kipling's achievement. And by his achievement must be understood his purely literary success as judged in the quiet of one's own mind, and in the company of one's own books and standards. This would go without saying in the case of any other living writer. In Mr. Kipling's case it is necessary to affirm that just as we do not judge of the real value of a victory by a "Mafficking" night, so one must not judge of Mr. Kipling's literary value by the noise and racket of his progress, nor by the prospects of the mineral water trade at Burwash. At the present time, as I have indicated, we hear little of either, and a quiet pow-wow seems possible.

I will begin by stating what I humbly conceive to be Mr. Kipling's essential lack. So far as I have been able to read, mark, and inwardly digest his books, they disclose no impulse to portray individual character. They show a keen interest in collective character. But I am not aware that Mr. Kipling ever drew a man for a man's sake. He has drawn many a man for the Empire's sake, for the Army's sake, for the Civil Service's sake, for the Tribe's sake, and in doing so he has often touched us profoundly as Empire-makers, as soldiers, as a governing people, as managers of alien races and families of men. He has done this with such vigour that he has shaken the whole house, as it were, with his bell-ringing and his cheeriness. His voice has thundered on the doorstep, in the hall; his news and his wares have excited our astonishment and enslaved our attention; his tales have held us spell-bound; his songs have possessed us; and yet, it would seem his message has always been to the street rather than to the house, to the ratepayer rather than the man. He has brought us news of men in masses, and in masses we have received it. There never was such a fine ado; but singly we remain unconquered. That is to say, singly I do not think men find in Mr. Kipling's books a special solace, or that in them they establish preferences which they regard as important or precious. I am not trying to belittle the impact of Mr. Kipling on ourselves; I am trying to distinguish it from other great, and greater, impacts.

The suddenness and thoroughness of Mr. Kipling's capture of the nation recalls Byron's reign. In both cases you see immediate and million-headed success, and success of that kind, in the case of a writer, is itself highly interesting and significant. In both cases the success is largely connected with the ideas of youth, vitality, and great powers of apprehension and expression. I might name other similarities—one other I shall certainly touch on—but all are overwhelmed by the obvious contrasts. It is on one of these contrasts that I wish to fix attention. Mr. Kipling, as I contend, has captured us in the mass rather than as individuals. Byron captured his generation singly. He came home to this man's bosom, and to that man's, and he did this a hundred-thousand-fold, separately and simultaneously. He touched men as men with his report of man as man. The whole country rang with his name, as the whole country has rung with Mr. Kipling's; but the two impacts were essentially different in kind—and the difference is my argument. I am, of course, alive to the fact that Byron, no more than Mr. Kipling, was a creator of individual character. But Byron certainly had what, apparently, Mr. Kipling has not, the impulse and the desire to know it and create it. And it is certain that Byron himself owned a complex character, and an impulse to study it, which supplied material of intense interest and significance for the individual man. All England rang with Byron's name, as all England has rung with Mr. Kipling's, but, again, the two impacts were vitally different, and the difference is my argument. Byron, an exile from his country, and a hater of its social institutions and collective character, appealed separately and irresistibly to nearly every man and woman capable of reading his works. Each

reader took Byron to himself, and changed under his influence—for good, like Zachariah Coleman in Mark Rutherford's fine story, or for evil, like the thousands whose names even tradition and Mrs. Grundy have forgotten.

This singleness and intimacy of appeal is denied to Mr. Kipling. I doubt whether he has ever set it before him as a mark, has ever desired or imagined it. In the matter of his literary fame Mr. Kipling is modest and genuine to the core. Find a word of personal conceit or bluster in all that he has written. But there the difference is, patent and vital. I have instanced Byron, but I might have named Thackeray, or Scott, or Dickens, or Browning (as a narrator), or—for that matter—half a dozen writers of the present day who have never enjoyed a tithe of Mr. Kipling's acclaim. But I have instanced Byron. What is the apposite difference between Byron's power over his generation and Mr. Kipling's over his? It is surely a difference of literary quality, of fundamental brain power. I prefer a third term: it is a difference in literary fusion.

This fusion is a large thing, not easily explained; but in the present state of literature there is possibly no more useful word in criticism. Fusion is that "third power" to which a composition must rise before it can even be considered as a piece of enduring literature. Fusion is the taking up of lower things into higher; it is a pervading reference to the master facts and conceptions; it is the postulation of the soul in every detail; it is the humility of effort, the tenderness of power, the anticipation of the eternal query, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" And this power of fusion is Mr. Kipling's fatal lack. His biggest effect of laughter or tears is departmental, and is a kind of glorified smoke-room yarn. It may be the finest smoke-room yarn you ever heard, but it is no more; it does not permanently haunt and bless. The fire and the whirlwind are his, but not the still, small voice.

If there is one thing on which Mr. Kipling's ardent and less ardent admirers are agreed, it is that he has extraordinary power to observe and assimilate facts. But it is too much forgotten that literature does not live by facts alone, however new and strange and picturesquely woven, and that the important thing is not how many facts a writer can fling on our vision, but to what use he can put them. It is just here that a brain like Mr. Kipling's is at once great and disappointing. Mr. Kipling sees so much, and so clearly, that he has no space for himself or for us; it is all matter of vision, and the attention is held as by the surprises of a magnifying glass. The attention is held, but the mind rather rebounds from the picture than absorbs it. You may remember what Byron—who had all Kipling's intensity of vision and all his hunger for fact—said about Rome. He said, writing to Murray, "I am delighted with Rome—as I would be with a bandbox, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece . . . but I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory selects and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, as mortals, which I suppose the Devil has (or t'other); for where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet I feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension." For this higher and more extended comprehension Byron was content to wait, and if you would see what such waiting did for such a writer read the description of Don Juan's entry into London, with the highwayman incident on Shooter's Hill, the long coach-ride through "Kennington and all the other 'tons,'" past Mount Pleasants, "little boxes framed of brick," "through 'Rows,' most modestly called 'Paradise,'" and so on, right up to the river, and the "lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam," and the hotel door in St. James's with its "tide of well-clad waiters"—all written years after Byron had left London never to return, all suffused in personal feeling, and every now and then passing from detailed vision to some large and usual matter calmly worded, as

> The sun
> Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
> Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

Now this appeal to Byron's handling of the seen world is irrelevant if it does not suggest what I wish to suggest, viz., that the abundance and sharpness of vision which are commonly considered Mr. Kipling's greatest possession must not be confused with true literary power over things seen. Mr. Kipling assuredly has the power to make us see as he sees, but there is a sense of physical strain and of the transitoriness of physical effort. It is true that while we read we are gripped, amused, touched to tears, and generally annexed. And if this is enough, if this domination is the mark of true literature, then our time has shown such literary sense in its worship of Mr. Kipling that the critic's occupation may be considered gone. The generation that can so promptly choose and applaud the real thing has no need of guidance.

But if true literature is something more than masterful diction and plenteous vision, if its gifts do not end with ivory and apes and peacocks, but rather begin with these and end with the ineffable traffic between spirit and spirit, if its last purpose is not to give news of the world but rather by things that are not to bring to naught things that are, then it may be suggested, without hesitation, as without offence, that Mr. Kipling's writings are distinguished from all others of our time in giving so much to the reader and so little to the man.

Mr. Kipling's services to the Empire in awakening men to knowledge of it, and to sympathy with its remote inhabitants, have been very great, perhaps incalculably great; but they scarcely come within the scope of this article. If, however, it is held that they cannot be left out of any estimate of his literary achievement, then I should suggest that here also great things have been done, but not the greatest or the finest. It cannot be said that the general conception of the Empire in Mr. Kipling's writings is one to satisfy the best mood of an Englishman. He has made vivid what was, but he has not made hopeful what ought to be. Nor has he appealed to the finest powers and graces of English character in the work of Empire-building. His patriotism has been intense and timely, and its sincerity is complete; but in moral depth and range it will not compare with the formative patriotism that breathes through the writings of Mr. Meredith.

Look at Mr. Kipling's work how and where one will, it grips you and leaves go; it is, and then it is not. His rhythms may haunt the ear, and the eye may recover the dusty parade-ground of Fort Amara; or the long red fires of the railway sleepers burning the dead whom even Jim

Photo by] RUDYARD KIPLING. *[Hy. Dixon and Son.*

From a Painting by the Hon. John Collier. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

"His face is quite a match for his body, being round and broad as well as wide-eyed and alert. His eyes are its most notable features, for they are very large and open, and each one is arched by the bushiest of lack eyebrows. They are habitually reflective and sober eyes, but, like a flash, they kindle with fun, and can equally quickly turn dull and ston when good occasion arises. It is not the typical poet's or scholar's face so much as it is the face of the man among men, the out-of-door man, the earnest shrewd observer, and the irrepressible hard worker."—Julian Ralph's "Pen-portrait" in "War's Brighter Side."

Hawkins could not save; or Durga Dass, in his cee-spring buggy, complacently deciding to pull down the house where Ameera lay dead, or the view from Lalun's window, "the red tombs of dead Emperors beyond the river, and very far away through the blue heat-haze a glint of the snows of the Himalayas"; or that unforgettable picture:—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay.
Where the old Flotilla lay;

(Reproduced from *McClure's Magazine.*)

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon
to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!—

all these, and many another scene may return by chance, in the hurly-burly of the memory, but do they obey any imperative call of thought or feeling?

Yet there is one work of Mr. Kipling's which escapes this great limitation. It is now generally held that his best work is the "Jungle Book," and this article has been written in vain if it does not suggest why this judgment is so general and so just. Precisely because he has no impulse to draw individual character but only collective character, Mr. Kipling succeeds wonderfully in a field where only tribal or collective character calls for portrayal, and where the emotions evoked can be studied with all the personal detachment inherent in the nature of the subject. Where real individuality does not exist, or at least is not capable of literary portraiture, we accept the character of a family or a species of animals as supreme, and when that is embodied, as Mr. Kipling has embodied it, in "Shere Khan," the tiger, and "Bagheera," the black panther, Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, and the contemptible Bandar-log the monkeys, and, above all, in the man-cub Mowgli—that wonderful link between man and beast—then there is an end to criticism and limitation. Here Mr. Kipling has brought his ascertained powers to the material on which they can produce a unique effect. I will quote, for the sheer joy of doing so, the scene in which Mowgli defends himself to his tutors Baloo and Bagheera, for having consorted for an hour with the Monkey People:

TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS.
From a drawing by W. H. Drake.

"Toomai leaned forward and looked, and he felt that the forest was awake below him—awake and alive and crowded. A big brown fruit-eating bat brushed past his ear; a porcupine's quills rattled in the thicket, and in the darkness between the tree stems he heard a hog-bear digging hard in the moist warm earth, and snuffing as it digged. Then the branches closed over his head again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley—not quietly this time, but as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank—in one rush. The huge limbs move as steadily as pistons, eight feet to each stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow-points rustled. . . . Then Little Toomai laid himself down close to the great neck lest a swinging bough should sweep him to the ground."

(Reproduced from "The Jungle Book," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

"When Baloo hurt my head," said Mowgli (he was still on his back), "I went away, and the grey apes came down from the trees, came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared." He snuffled a little.

"The pity of the Monkey-People!" Baloo snorted. "The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun! And then, man-cub?"

"And then, and then, they gave me nuts and pleasant things to eat, and they—they carried me in their arms up to the top of the trees and said I was their blood-brother except that I had no tail, and should be their leader some day."

"They have *no* leader," said Bagheera. "They lie. They have always lied."

"They were very kind, and bade me come again. Why have I never been taken among the Monkey-People? They stand on their feet, as I do. They do not hit me with hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will play with them again."

"Listen, man-cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the jungle—except the Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter, and pretend they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the *Bandar-log* till to-day?"

"No," said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very still now Baloo had finished.

"The Jungle-People put them out of their mouths and out of their mind. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desire, to be noticed by the Jungle-People. But we do *not* notice them even

when they throw nuts and filth on our heads."

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

"The Monkey-People are forbidden," said Baloo, "forbidden to the Jungle-People. Remember."

"Forbidden," said Bagheera; "but I still think Baloo should have warned thee against them."

"I—I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt. The Monkey-People! Faugh!"

Here we may end, for this is Mr. Kipling's top notch. Only extraordinary powers could have produced the "Jungle Book," and although the effect may owe something to the material and something to Mr. Kipling's haunting limitations, yet the book lives, and must live; it satisfies a definite sympathy in the human mind, and one may say that on its pages is the dint of the inimitable.

(Reproduced from *McClure's Magazine.*)

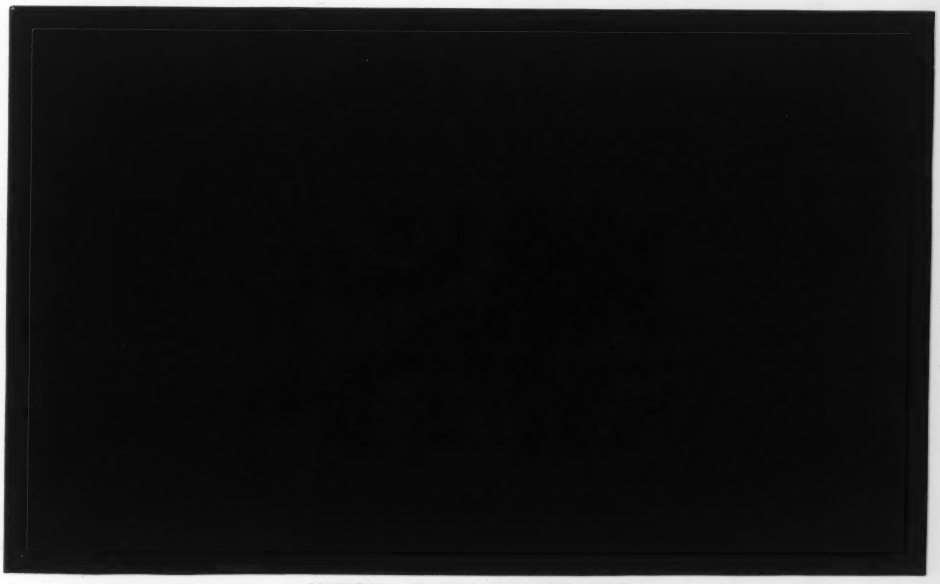
G. K. CHESTERTON.

AN APPRECIATION.

By C. F. G. Masterman.

SOME few months ago a gentleman from Birmingham, with the energy characteristic of his neighbourhood, secured a prize of one guinea by demonstrating to a literary journal the existence of an unknown living poet. A short time afterwards the world was astonished to learn that Mr. John Morley had entrusted to this unknown poet the biography of Robert Browning in that series which is compiled by men of three-score years, knighted, and with unchallenged literary supremacy. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has thus sprung suddenly into fame. Now everyone reads him; in The Bookman, the *Speaker*, the *Daily News*, the *World*; in the journalistic leavings that are eagerly collected together and issued cold by enterprising publishers. With his particular and distinctive style anonymity would be impossible. Some rejoice and thank Providence for a new literary inspiration; some are provoked to indignation and protest; all are driven to attend to that particular combination of poetry, paradox, and humour, sudden truth and wildest extravagance which Mr. Chesterton has made so entirely his own.

Mr. Chesterton was born in 1875, and brought up in that part of Fulham which, for decency's sake, terms itself West Kensington. His childhood, he maintains, was "lazy and silent." He was educated at St. Paul's School, where he founded a famous Junior Debating Club, gathering round him a band of followers who already are taking high places in the world of journalism, most of whom he managed to inoculate with his own incurable optimism. On orthodox lines he was undistinguished. From St. Paul's he passed to the Slade School and to attendance at classes at University College. Later, for a time he served with Mr. Fisher Unwin's publishing firm. His first book was "the book of Kids," written when three years old. All through his boyhood he has written ambitious poetry, and produced epoch-making and dramatic illustrations, but it is only three years since he commenced to take to literature seriously. His first reviews were published in The Bookman, and his first verses in the *Speaker* in 1899. In 1900 appeared "The Wild Knight and Other Poems," well reviewed though not financially success-



MOWGLI AT THE VILLAGE CLUB.

From a drawing by W. H. Drake.

"'Are all these tales such cobwebs and moontalk?' said Mowgli. 'That tiger limps because he was born lame, as everyone knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child's talk.' Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and the head-man stared.
'Oho! It is the jungle brat, is it?' said Buldeo. 'If thou art so wise, better bring his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees on his life. Better still, talk not when thy elders speak.'"—"Tiger-Tiger!"

(Reproduced from "The Jungle Book," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

(Reproduced from *McClure's Magazine.*)

ful. In the same year "Greybeards at Play," a volume of fantastic verse, written and illustrated by Mr. Chesterton, was published by Brimley Johnson. Last year appeared "The Defendant," from the same publisher, a collection of articles "defending" various objects and ideals, as planets, skeletons, humility, penny dreadfuls; in the second edition prefixed by "A Defence of Myself." This summer "Twelve Types," studies in varied literary and historical figures from St. Francis to Tolstoy, has been issued by Humphreys. These two small volumes of prose essays represent practically all that has been gleaned in permanent form from the rich harvest that Mr. Chesterton has poured forth week by week in the contemporary press. Last year Mr. Chesterton was married, and now resides in Battersea, which he claims is separated but by a hair's-breadth from the Eternal fires. For the rest he lives the recognised life of the successful literary man: writes and talks copiously, rises late, never answers letters, lectures whenever asked, thinks a good deal, idles a good deal, gets through ten men's work, and provides his friends with considerable discussion in forecasting the conundrum of his future.

"MOWGLI."
From a statuette by Kathleen Shaw.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)
"Look well, O wolves, have I kept my word?"

To most readers Mr. Chesterton is known as a literary critic with a distinctive style and a riotous gift of paradox. He could readily prove, they think, that black is white. His arresting ingenuity conceals the meaning underlying the adoption of this method. Mr. Chesterton in his extravagance has never essayed to prove that black is white. But most men assert that grey is either black or white. He reveals the neglected element. The real world is grey. All things are made up of the transitory union of contradiction; not permanent and isolated, but perpetually in motion: the momentary fusion of opposite forces. The accepted view sees only one of these. Mr. Chesterton disentangles the other, and hurls it at his astonished readers. Byron thus becomes the eager optimist, St. Francis the Apostle of Pleasure, Charles II. the leader of a religious revolution. The method is adopted for a purpose. He designs to startle the average man, settling down acquiescent in a normal world, with the sudden realisation of the magical Universe in which we live: "to see," in his own words, "our whole orderly system of life as a pile of stratified revolutions." Use and wont gather round us, historical verdicts are condensed into text-books, the cowardice of men is crystallised into proverbs. Existence is accepted as sane and tranquil. "The function of imagination," he says, "is not to make strange things settled so much as to make settled things strange; not to make wonders facts but facts wonders." So he crashes in upon the orderly scheme and the accepted wisdom and scatters them to the winds. Men are startled into attention and compelled to think. The attitude of the child is restored: wonderland returns to the earth and the age of perpetual marvel. We are shown as still living in the atmosphere of miracle, in the visible presence of God.

The paradoxes of his criticism hence naturally lead on to the position adopted in his poetry. It is as a poet that Mr. Chesterton will contribute to literature. "The Wild Knight" is undoubtedly one of the most original volumes of verse that has appeared in recent years. It is an achievement of wonderful promise for a young man of twenty-five. There is no imitation, no trace of the influence of prevailing schools of thought. Imperialism and pessimism are equally absent from its pages. But a plan runs through all the volume. Each separated poem contains some original and arresting thought. All are issued, like the songs of the *Joculatores Dei* of the followers of Francis, in praise of God. Youth, indeed, is in it, and immaturity, and exuberant extravagance. He strings the stars for a chaplet, piles cloud castle on cloud castle, stands up and shakes his fist in the presence of God. There is a barbaric riot of imagination, the wild defence and laughter of a man who suddenly realises that he is alive, and that life is very good. Pessimism is dismissed as unclean. "The curse against God is Exercise I. in the primer of minor poetry." Mr. Chesterton will have no traffic with such anæmic and

(Reproduced from *McClure's Magazine.*)

etiolated views of life. "I have investigated the dust-heaps of humanity," he announces, "and found a treasure in all of them." "The world's a bubble," says the cynic. "Yes," he replies, "A bubble; have you ever spied the colours I have seen on it?" In the opening poem is the keynote to the whole volume; the babe unborn meditating on a fairyland where "trees are tall and grasses short, as in some crazy tale," with a fixed fire hanging in the air to warm him, and "deep green hair" growing on great hills.

> I think that if they gave me leave
> Within that world to stand,
> I would be good through all the day
> I spent in fairyland.

And now that he finds himself in the midst of this fairyland he marvels at the indifference of those around him. "Slow trees and ripening meadows for me go roaring by." From "vile dust" God has made "a fairer face than heaven"; in the apprehension of a strange democracy the poet has "come to Autumn, where all the leaves are gold." He discerns a world of "huge and undecipherable unreason." He goes "singing through the world oppressed, laughing with laughter such as shakes the stars." He is astonished that all men do not respond to the song; he finds them mumbling and muttering over the ills of life, and the dull and uninspired routine of existence. Yet if alone he will pursue his journey and essay the great enterprise.

> So with the wan waste grasses on my spear,
> I ride for ever seeking after God.
> My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,
> And all my limbs are loose; but in my eyes
> The star of an unconquerable praise;
> For in my soul one hope for ever sings,
> That at the next white corner of a road
> My eyes may look on Him.

His poetry and his prose thus exhibit one fixed attitude towards the universe. Like the old Dutch philosopher he is "Gott-getrunken"; like the modern mystic he is charging himself everywhere with contentment and triumph. He is ever astonished at "the towering and tropical vision of things as they really are; the great Odyssey of strange-coloured oceans and strange-shaped trees, of dust like the wreck of temples and thistledown like the ruin of stars." In the twentieth century God still walks in the garden in the cool of the day, and every bush is aflame with His presence. No scientific discovery can lessen the exultant wonder with which he regards the ever-recurring miracle of the sunrise or the birth of a little child. Being at all is for him the astonishing and delightful mystery. Existence itself, apart from definite pleasure or pain, is a source of infinite satisfaction. This it was at the creation that caused the morning stars to sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy. Mr. Chesterton is the prophet of this primitive truth. Apprehension of this, he holds, is the cure for the disease of modern life. With Stevenson he carries on a warfare against "burgessry"—life unilluminated by intensity of purpose, creeping blear-eyed through a universe lulled by custom. Men, he holds, are suffering not from sinfulness but from sleepiness. Let the burgess look within himself, he will find not a stockbroker or a clergyman, but a palpitating miracle. Let him open his eyes, and outside he will find a region of magic, riotous, irrational, mysterious, opening around him like a gigantic flower. No age was ever more wonderful than the despised modern world. The suburbs of cities are the scenes of the "Arabian Nights"; gas lamps are fairy bubbles, machinery the efforts of a Cyclops, the Post Office the wings of a Mercury. If Mr. Chesterton can inoculate the shifting and unimportant crowds of modern cities with this experience, he thinks strange results would follow; men would embrace in the streets, the priests would cut capers and the kings gather flowers, the heart of a child be restored with the child's awe and wonder and exultation in the greatness and the goodness of God.

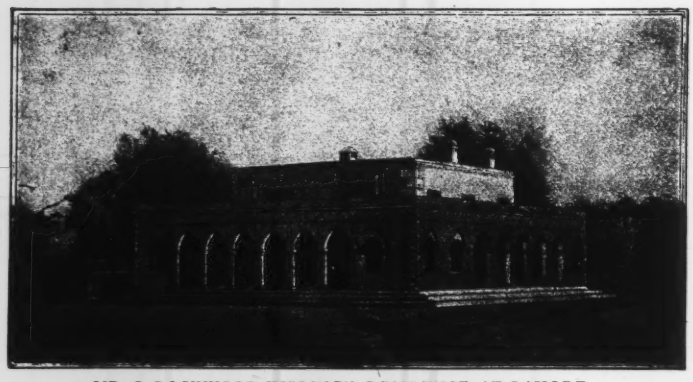
Politics and religion, we are told on high authority, are the only things really interesting to the English people; and the first question demanded of any new writer is his attitude to the one or the other of these. To religion Mr. Chesterton's attitude is not doubtful. He is ever for mysticism against rationalism, against the grotesque blasphemy which denies God's presence, for Christianity against the modern world. He laughs with Homeric laughter at the idea of enmeshing the boisterous irrationality of things in the thin nets of logical reasoning. "Science," he maintains, "has become strangely separated from the mere news and scandal of flowers and birds." "Elder Father"—so he challenges all modern dogmatism—

> Elder Father, though thine eyes
> Shine with hoary mysteries,
> Canst thou tell what in the heart
> Of a cowslip blossom lies?

Against this he sets up a religion which places a child in the midst, and accepts the heart of a child as a passport of entrance to the Kingdom. "Humanity can never forget," he asserts, "that a Baby born in a stable redeemed it from what seemed the most hopeless of all its æons, an infinity of dreary civilisation and unlimited limitation, an endless end of the world." He delights in the simple and universal appeal—"What man of you having a son?" The commands of Christ, he says, are impossible but not insane; they are rather "sanity preached to a planet of lunatics." The religion of Christ "has, like so many true things, been disproved an extraordinary number of times." The particular present "Twilight of the gods" leaves him unmoved. After tempest and turmoil he sees the survival of this tranquil vision. "The storm is over, and we look out into the changed and disordered and now quiet heavens, and there is no light there but the star of Bethlehem."

Mr. Chesterton knows that literature divorced from life is as meaningless as politics divorced from sentiment. An impenitent Liberal, he desires to direct modern Liberalism

XUM



MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING'S RESIDENCE AT LAHORE.
From a drawing by Baga Ram.
Where Rudyard Kipling lived with his parents in Lahore while working as a journalist in the office of the *Civil and Military Gazette.*
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling.)

back to the large emotional sources from which it once drew its inspiration. When Liberalism was sentimental it removed mountains, and created a new Europe. When it became merely rational it sank into economic pedantry, gnawing dry bones. His Liberalism is of the kind that discovers "great allies" in the irrational forces of the world: love of country, wrath at injustice, pity for a suffering child. Its aids are exultations and agonies; and love; and man's unconquerable mind.

And above all this "love of country" is the virtue, he holds, which requires proclamation and emphasis. The redemption of Patriotism from its modern blasphemers is the work to which he is particularly devoted. "They mean by the love of country not what a mystic might mean by the love of God, but something of what a child might mean by a love of jam." He would bring back men to the nobler meaning: cheering on the Boers in a resistance which had long become "insensate"; throwing himself with energy into the Irish effort to maintain their national life; demanding from the English citizen utter devotion and sacrifice for the fatherland. He is President of the Patriots' Club, which meets at intervals to consume roast beef and drink good ale, and whose object is to interest people in Patriotism "by every recognised method of agitation and advertisement." For this he lectures in strange surroundings: at debating societies, Pharos clubs, Humanitarian leagues, ethical fellowships at Croydon and Peckham, Young Men's Christian Associations; content if by any means he may save some.

FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF KIPLING'S FIRST BOOK.
Published in India.
(Reproduced from the *Review of Reviews*, by kind permission of the Editor.)

Such is Mr. Chesterton as he has swept in upon the modern literary world; spending much of his time in laughter as he belabours the pessimists and the dolorous and those despairing of modern life, and all complaining and dissatisfied. He rejoices as a strong man in his strength, riots in his powers, pours himself out in a stream of literary activity, with much that is ephemeral, superfluous, exuberant, but with every article containing at least some old truth, put with striking novelty, in a memorable phrase. "All around us is the city of small sins, abounding in backways and retreats, but surely, sooner or later, the towering flame will rise from the harbour announcing that the reign of the cowards is over and a man is burning his ships." He would call each man to enter into his jewelled and splendid inheritance, to sit down at the banquet so bountifully provided. He has little faith in modern schemes of social endeavour: though a Socialist he cannot believe that the blind can lead the blind; till the rich have become conscious of their greatness and the glory that

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD.
From a drawing by Dudley Cleaver in Kipling's first book.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Set in a sightless grin.
. . . . . .
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

(Reproduced from "Departmental Ditties," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

enshrouds them, he holds that they have no message to benefit the poor. A life that cannot discern the greatness of common life and common things, he maintains, must of necessity seek satisfaction in desolate and monstrous crimes. "It is only when a man has really ceased to see a horse as it is that he invents a centaur, only when he can no longer be surprised at an ox that he worships the devil." "The most unpopular of all doctrines is the doctrine which declares the common life divine." "There is nothing that so strikes men with fear as the saying that they are all the sons of God."

It is impossible to forecast his future. He is writing copiously. He has at present on hand his coming "Browning," a volume of poems, a volume of prose essays, a fantastic novel, a play bearing the attractive title of the "Devil amongst the Cattle." His friends assert that he is writing too much; it is doubtful if any man with ideas can write too much—the ephemeral perishes, the permanent survives. He has faith in himself and confidence in his message. Perhaps time and suffering, and the passing of youth, may wear down the exuberance of his praise of life. Perhaps he may find that laughing at the Devil and protesting the vanity of sin will have to yield to the sterner and more traditional methods of warfare. At present he is one of the few interesting writers in contemporary literature, with something to say, and a future of golden possibility, and the power of compelling a jaded and tired age to listen to his voice.

In personal appearance Mr. Chesterton is of gigantic stature: he has played with acceptance in the part of "Bacchus," and presents a formidable appearance when swaggering down Fleet Street in the small hours of the morning, or in the midst of the crowd which surges around him, and to which he is entirely oblivious. Wearing a huge slouch hat, which is the despair of his friends, he is generally taken for a returned Yeoman, or an escaped Boer prisoner. He is accustomed to pursue long solitary walks through London, often penetrating right through the great town, from north to south or east to west. When over wearied with journalism he will suddenly start on a country ramble, taking the train to some station, the name of which pleases him, on the time table, and striking thence in any direction to any destination. Here he wanders till his friends organise relief parties, or till he strikes another railway line, when he contentedly journeys homeward. At present he is cultivating the local politics of Battersea; in secluded alehouses he drinks with the frequenters, and learns their opinions on municipal milk and on Mr. John Burns. His great ambition is to follow the sedulous steps of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the proudest moment of his life will be when he takes his seat, as representative of the free and independent burgesses, in the Battersea Borough Council.

THE CENTENARY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

By Lewis Melville.

IT is always with a feeling akin to sadness that one writes of an author who, once ranked too highly, has by succeeding generations been dispossessed of his stripes and degraded to the ranks. On the rare occasions when the name of Douglas Jerrold is mentioned, the memory conjures up the picture of a brilliant, caustic wit and raconteur: yet in his day he was regarded by many as equal in humour to Thackeray and Dickens. Now no one reads the books of the man whom the author of "The Snobs of England" regarded as his most dangerous rival on the staff of *Punch*. That Jerrold and Thackeray could ever have been classed together is material for a joke against the judgment of our grandfathers; but it is undeniably true that then "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" were regarded as the high-water mark of humour. Did not all London crowd to the Lyceum Theatre to see a dramatic version of the "Lectures," in which Mrs. Keeley enacted the rôle of the nagging wife?

Douglas William Jerrold was born on January 3, 1803: he died on June 8, 1857. He was the son of an actor, who subsequently became the manager of the Sheerness Theatre—the term actor-manager was not then employed—and his connection with the stage dates back almost to his infancy, for whenever at Sheerness a child had to appear in a play his services were enlisted. After a few years of more or less desultory education, at the age of eleven he entered the Navy as a midshipman. He was appointed to the guardship *Namur*, stationed at the Nore, and remained with her until the war of 1815 was brought to a close and the ship paid off. Then Jerrold left the service. He was apprenticed to a printer, and was subsequently engaged as a compositor on

THE DRAWING-ROOM IN MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING'S HOUSE AT LAHORE.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling.)

the *Sunday Monitor*. It was while thus employed, in 1819, that he wrote a criticism on "Der Freischütz," which the editor accepted. Further contributions were invited, and Jerrold's journalistic career began. All his life he had a great idea of the power of journalism. "When Luther wanted to crush the Devil," he said, "why didn't he throw ink at him?" He was soon writing for three or four papers and for several magazines, sometimes under his own signature, sometimes under the pseudonym "Henry Brownrigg." It has been suggested that he may have written the much-discussed anonymous story in *Fraser's Magazine*, "Elizabeth Brownrigge," which by Mr. Swinburne and others has been ascribed to Thackeray. All his life Jerrold was connected with journals and periodicals. In 1825 he was part-owner with a Dr. Crucifix of a Sunday newspaper; and some twenty years later started *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*. Neither of these ventures was a success. He also founded, in 1845, *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, in the pages of which he published a novel, "St. Giles and St. James." Later, he edited, for Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of *The Illustrated London News*, a monthly periodical, entitled *The Illuminated Magazine*, to which he contributed "The Chronicles of Clovernook" and "The Chronicles of a Goosequill." For the last five years of his life he edited, with great success, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. He is said to have written each week three columns of leaders and numerous literary reviews. Many of his political articles, originally printed in *Lloyd's* and elsewhere, have been collected and published in a volume, entitled "Other Times."

In his earlier years he was employed as hack-dramatist, first by Davidge, manager of the Coburg Theatre, and after by Elliston, manager of the Surrey Theatre. To the latter he took the MS. of "Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs." This "nautical drama" was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and, with T. P. Cooke as William, ran for three hundred nights. The author received only £70 for his work, though fortunes have been made out of the play by more than one manager. This is the only piece of all those written by Jerrold which still holds the stage. It is generally being performed somewhere or other in the provinces, and has been several times revived in London. The last revival was some years ago, at the Adelphi Theatre, with William Terriss as William. It is not likely, however, that any manager will be venturesome enough to stage it again at a West-end theatre. "Black-Eyed Susan" has not stood the test of time. One of the few dramatic successes that Jerrold achieved was a comedy, "Time Works Wonders," produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, when it ran for seventy nights. The dialogue of this play is really brilliant, and often epigrammatic; but the plot is not well constructed.

Jerrold's connection with *Punch* began with the second number and ceased only a few days before his death. His principal contributions were "The 'Q' Papers," in which the subjects discussed were mostly political; "Mr. Punch's Letters to his Son"; "Mr. Punch's Complete Letter-Writer"; "The Jenkins Papers," written by him and Thackeray, and illustrated by Leech—in which the *Morning Post* was satirised; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," illustrated by Leech, Doyle, and Keene; "Mrs. Robinson Crusoe"; and "The Story of a Feather."

His other work includes "Men of Character," twelve sketches, illustrated by Thackeray; "Cakes and Ales," a collection of short stories and essays; and a novel, "The Man Made of Money."

Jerrold was at his best when writing short humorous papers, like the "Caudle Lectures." He was ill-equipped for the writing of novels. His characters were not creations; Jericho, Capstick, Canditoft, Bright Jem, to mention a few, are the merest puppets. His philosophy was narrow; and he frequently interrupted the narrative to state his opinions, which, as a rule, were very superficial. He was always sincere, no doubt, but he trusted to his feelings rather than to his intellect; and, after all, the sentimentalist is not always in the right. "A Man Made of Money" is, perhaps, his best story. It deals with the supernatural. Jericho is a merchant with an extravagant wife. Once, when she is pressing him for money, he exclaims: "I wish to Heaven I was made of money." To his great astonishment, his prayer is granted. Whenever he puts his hand to his breast he finds a hundred-pound bank-note. But it is his life he is expending. In the end he dies, and his gold and diamonds turn to soot and charcoal. The idea is well conceived, but indifferently carried out. The book gives the impression of having been written in a hurry.

He had a gift of describing characters. Of Jericho, a matter-of-fact man, he wrote: "Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps"; of a pessimist, "He would not allow that there was a bright side to the moon;" and of a third, Capstick, "He wore his hatred of mankind as he would have worn a diamond ring: a thing at once to be put in the best light and to be very proud of." Occasionally he was epigrammatic. "Beauty! it's like a guinea; when it's once changed at all, it's gone in a twinkling." "Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair." "Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit." "Despair of freedom, even at the worst, is atheism to the goddess Liberty." These are clever, but they are not polished. Nor was his humour polished. It was crude, and often laboured. It was middle-class humour: to use a word of Mr. George Moore, it was "Brixton." He was not an artist. His style was not very literary. But his satire was trenchant, and his brilliancy undeniable. He was, however, a wit rather than a humourist. The best that may be said of him as an author is that he wrote several amusing sketches.

If his name be handed down to posterity it will be, not on account of his books, but because of his conversational powers. He had a genius for repartee. Many of the best things he said are too well known to bear repetition Perhaps the most famous was his reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," answered "the wasp," like a flash of lightning, "but not with the same skulls." It was not of Albert Smith, but of a very much over-rated author whose works were being praised to him, that he said: "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame." It may have been this author who said to him: "I hear you say —— was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," Jerrold assured him; "I said it was the

RUDYARD KIPLING.
From a painting by Sir Philip Burne-Jones.
Reproduced by permission of I. P. Mendoza, Ltd., 4a, King Street, St. James's, the owners of the copyright.

worst book that anybody ever wrote." Jerrold did not even disdain the pun in conversation, though it does not often figure in his writings. "Well, Talfourd," he said to the author of "Ion," "have you any more 'Ions' in the fire?" It was he who suggested that the most fitting epitaph for Charles Knight, the publisher, would be "Good Night!" His quarrels with actors during the years of his dramatic activity were incessant; he complained that they would give their ideas of the characters rather than his. Once he complained of the inferior company that was performing one of his plays at the Haymarket Theatre. "Why, there's V——," said the manager, protesting, "he was bred on these boards." "He looks as if he had been cut out of them," growled the playwright. Jerrold was always very nervous on a "first night." Another dramatist, popularly supposed to "lift" his plots and situations from the French, assured him that he did not know the meaning of nervousness on such an occasion. "I can quite understand that," the wit said pleasantly; "your pieces have always been tried before." "Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance who was abroad; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Certainly," said Jerrold, "unremitting kindness." "Really," said a lady speaking about a baby, "I cannot find words to convey to you even a faint idea of its pretty ways." "I see, it is a child more easily con-

ceived than described." He hated snobbishness, and when Samuel Warren one day complained that at a ducal house where he had dined he could get no fish, "I suppose," said Jerrold, "they had eaten it all upstairs."

In spite of his tongue, however, he was popular, and had many friends. Though at the moment he was careless of hurting, yet afterwards he was sorry. On his death-bed he charged Horace Mayhew with a message to his comrades on the staff of *Punch*: "Tell the dear boys," he said, "that if I have ever wounded any of them I have always loved them." And bitterness must be forgiven coming from a man suffering from chronic ill-health. When, some time before his death, he was asked how he felt, he was constrained to reply: "As one that is waiting and is waited for!"

New Books.

MR. SIDNEY LEE'S "QUEEN VICTORIA."*

This volume—a memoir "substantially rewritten" from Mr. Lee's famous article in the Dictionary of National Biography—makes excellent reading; and helps, with M. Abel Chevalley's recent "Victoria: sa Vie, son Rôle, son Règne," to assure us that in our late Queen the biographer has a subject made to his hand. It is a bare two years since she died; and she died in an aura of fond admiration (to go no farther and say nothing of the transports of the Press), which, steadily growing from the 1887 Jubilee, may or may not have reached its climax, but certainly showed no sign of abating. It says much for her merely human qualities—for her weaknesses,

From Photo by] RUDYARD KIPLING. *[Elliott and Fry.*

her eccentricities, her curious sympathies and failures in sympathy—that at this small distance of time they assert themselves above the indiscriminate adulation of royalty just now in fashion, and exhibit her as extremely fallible only to make her the more amiable. Queen Victoria, in short, was "a character"—in some ways as much of a "character" as the Baillie Nicol Jarvie; and the appreciation of this by men who lived in the latter part of her reign, touched as it must be with tender respect and weighted with that sense of her historical importance which the pageants of her closing years kept insistent upon all of us, may possibly make these contemporary criticisms more truthful than their colder successors will be when, divided into two camps, historians treat her as the inspiring force of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, or as the lady who did fatal injustice to Ireland through feminine dislike, and for family reasons helped to raise Prussia to be the curse of Europe. As a Frenchman, and characteristically, M. Chevalley is more closely occupied than Mr. Lee with ideas, and reads them into many actions which, as likely as not, had never a conscious or calculated policy at the back of them, but were suggested by mere opportunism and the British habit of going straight for your (possible) enemy's head and smacking it. To his fair, but French, mind our modern Imperialism is almost inconceivable except as conspiracy. To an Englishman who knows his country and its haphazard methods, Imperialism is merely the result of a cumulative series of fortunate or unfortunate accidents. Queen Victoria outlived Mr. Gladstone, and so did Mr. Chamberlain; therefore Home Rule is in the doldrums, and therefore there was no effective effort made to prevent the war in South Africa. In foreign politics we have no system, much less a philosophical one; and Queen Victoria was too much of an Englishwoman to begin to have one. She had her likes and dislikes, a tremendous sense of duty to her relatives scattered in all the European courts, a splendid conception of England's destiny and her dignity as its Queen, and a weakness for soldiers. Put these together, and they explain a deal more than can be explained by theories of calculated conduct in obedience to any ideas or set of ideas. It is curious to note, for example, how M. Chevalley and Mr. Lee exhibit to us the decline of Parliamentary mastery during the Queen's last years; how satisfactorily M. Chevalley accounts for it by a theory; and how satisfactorily Mr. Lee accounts for it at unawares, not only without providing a theory, but without seeming aware that it needs one, and almost without seeming aware of the fact he presents.

The strange uncomfortable story of the Queen's girlhood carries its own fascination. Mr. Lee—in obedience to the great Dictionary's editorial motto, "No Flowers, by Request"—tells it simply and without gush, bringing out the difficulties of the young princess's position, but laying perhaps too little stress on its danger, if (as now seems fairly certain) her succession was actually endangered by the unamiable Duke of Cumberland. Towards the difficulties of the Prince Consort's position he shows himself sympathetic, while recognising that the Prince set an interpretation upon it which at one point sharply conflicted with British constitutional theory; that is, when he included among his functions those of the Queen's "permanent minister." "The defect and danger of such a claim," says Mr. Lee, "lay, according to the constitution of the country, in the fact that the Prince was under no Parliamentary control, and his description . . . was inexact." In practice, however, he was something very like a permanent minister; and though we may continue to believe the claim a mistake, it is worth while to remember that in his last act of interference—a few days before his death—between the Queen and her constitutional advisers, he was wise and the advisers foolish. Few will now deny that in forcing Palmerston to suppress his violent and peremptory draft despatch to Washington over the *Trent* affair, and to pen another in more moderate language, Prince Albert saved England from a war with America, and America from the formal recognition of

* "Queen Victoria." A Biography by Sidney Lee, Editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY.

From an etching by William Strang.

"'I was Krishna tootlin' on the flute—the god that the rig'mental chaplain talks about—a sweet sight I must ha' looked. I knew my eyes were big and my face a wax-white, an' at the worst I must ha' looked like a ghost, but they took me for the livin' god. The music stopped and the women were dead dumb, an' I crooked my legs like a shepherd on a china basin, an' I did the ghost-waggle with my feet as I had done ut at the rig'mental theatre many times, an' I shot acrost the width av that temple in front av the she-god tootlin' on the beer bottle.'"—"Life's Handicap."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

the Southern Confederacy by the great European powers. Mr. Lee quotes Walt Whitman's energetic words of gratitude—"Many sayings and doings of that period, from foreign potentates and powers, might well be dropt in oblivion by America—but never *this*, if I could have my way."

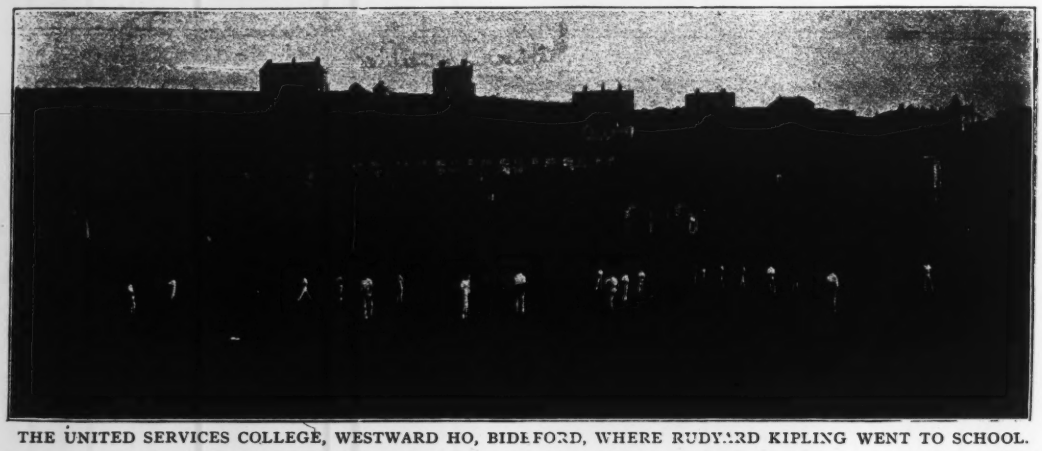
The Queen's personal relations with her ministers are handled by Mr. Lee with much quiet humour, and also her personal dealings with bishops and dignitaries of the Church. The pet term, "a good Churchwoman," could only be applied to her with limitations. Her taste in religion—if the phrase may be permitted—inclined to the Lutheran; she listened to sermons, but liked them to be short and simple in language; "she was never a communicant on more than two occasions in each year, and strongly objected to others taking the Sacrament more often"—but she prepared herself for it carefully, honest woman that she was. She also took much thought over the appointment of bishops, "and though she always received her ministers' advice with respect, she did not confine herself to criticism of their favoured candidates for Church promotion; she often insisted on quite other arrangements than they suggested."

"With bishops as a class she was not in personal sympathy, and no ceremonial function in which she had to take part did she like less than that of receiving the homage of bishops, who were obliged to kiss her hand on their appointment. A feeling of shyness invariably overcame her on the occasion, and her manner often appeared, to the chief actors in it, brusque and indifferent. Nor as a rule did she appreciate, with a few conspicuous exceptions, the sermons of bishops."

She had much taste in music; though Bach and Handel bored her, because she had been forced to listen to too many of their compositions in childhood. She took great pleasure in the theatre. Of modern painters she admired Winterhalter and Von Angeli; and of modern sculptors Boehm, "whose German nationality was for her a main recommendation." "Her personal interest in literature was not strong, and it diminished in later years." Dickens attracted her. In 1869 she had a famous interview with Carlyle at the Westminster Deanery, and "the impression Carlyle made on the Queen was far less agreeable than that which she produced on him." She told Browning that she admired his wife's poetry. For Tennyson, as everyone knows, she had a well-earned affection; and she thought highly of Dr. Smiles.

She arrived in the end at such popularity as no modern monarch has enjoyed or come near to enjoying; but she went through her full share of unpopularity on the way, and she arrived by the severely simple process of living it down—"sitting it out," one might say. She had character enough, and courage enough, for ten; and character allied with courage will always win Britons in the end. Her people saw too that, with all her nodosities, she had a genuinely warm heart, and that where she gave her love it endured. They saw that her code of morals and her code of honour were alike stern and upright. They took an immense pride in her, and are as proud to-day of her eccentricities as of her virtues. An outspoken book like Mr. Lee's may awaken a sense of humour beneath that pride, but will only increase our thankfulness to have lived in her reign and belonged to her time.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.



THE UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO, BIDEFORD, WHERE RUDYARD KIPLING WENT TO SCHOOL.

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN SCOTLAND.*

In tracing the influence of politics in the Scottish Reformation, and in the Reformed Church of Scotland until the period of the Revolution, Mr. Mathieson has necessarily had to rehearse and expound much of the history of the country, both civil and ecclesiastical, and to estimate many of the leading men. His work is not a perfunctory performance, nor is it disfigured by flippancy. He has carefully studied his subject, although he has neither ransacked all the likely sources of information, nor thoroughly mastered those which he has examined. The theme is so wide and difficult that a man of abilities may find years of special and arduous study, if unpreceded by long and intimate knowledge, quite inadequate for grappling with it successfully.

The language which Mr. Mathieson applies to the corruption of the pre-Reformation Church is strong, but not too strong; and the internal efforts to reform what was amiss were probably much feebler in reality than some of the statutes might lead one to suppose. He realises the powerful effect which the widespread corruption had in turning the people against the Church in which they had been nurtured; but in his opinion the Reformation could not have been achieved in 1560 save for the peculiar political circumstances of the time. Without these circumstances its open triumph would no doubt have been deferred; but the new leaven, then working vigorously, had so permeated the more important parts of the country that the old Church would have been utterly unable to eradicate or cope with it. Whether the ultimate result might have been better or worse it is useless now to speculate. Though Mr. Mathieson says much in favour of Knox, he underrates the extent and value of his service, and is pleased that his ideals were not realised. His praises are not lavished on zealots of any kind. Uncompromising Presbyterians are as distasteful to him as bigoted Episcopalians. Men, who were prepared to sacrifice themselves, and to risk much besides, for a principle, appeal less to his judgment than do those whom they regarded as trimmers and time-servers—the moderate men who were not disposed to contend with the civil power for principles of organisation. If these "pawky" and prudent men were opposed to Calvinistic theology they stand all the higher in his estimation.

Mr. Mathieson has drawn some of his "facts" from second-hand sources, and has occasionally stumbled in consequence. For example, in discussing Maitland's attitude towards the Darnley marriage, he says:—"It is one of many facts all pointing in the same direction that Darnley's first night in Scotland was spent at Lethington." His authority for this statement is "Skelton's Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stewart, ii., 144." But on turning to the passage thus indicated, it will be found that this is merely one of Sir John Skelton's unsupported assertions; and it can be satisfactorily proved that Darnley's first night in Scotland was not spent at Lethington. Again, he says:—"It was a singular coincidence that Riccio should have perished during a public fast, when Knox was declaiming from the pulpit on such subjects as the slaying of Oreb and Zeb and the hanging of Haman." His authority for this is Tytler, but Tytler was in error. The fast alluded to ended six days before Riccio was murdered. Despite Tytler's attempt to incriminate Knox, there is no reason to believe that he was a

BEETLE."

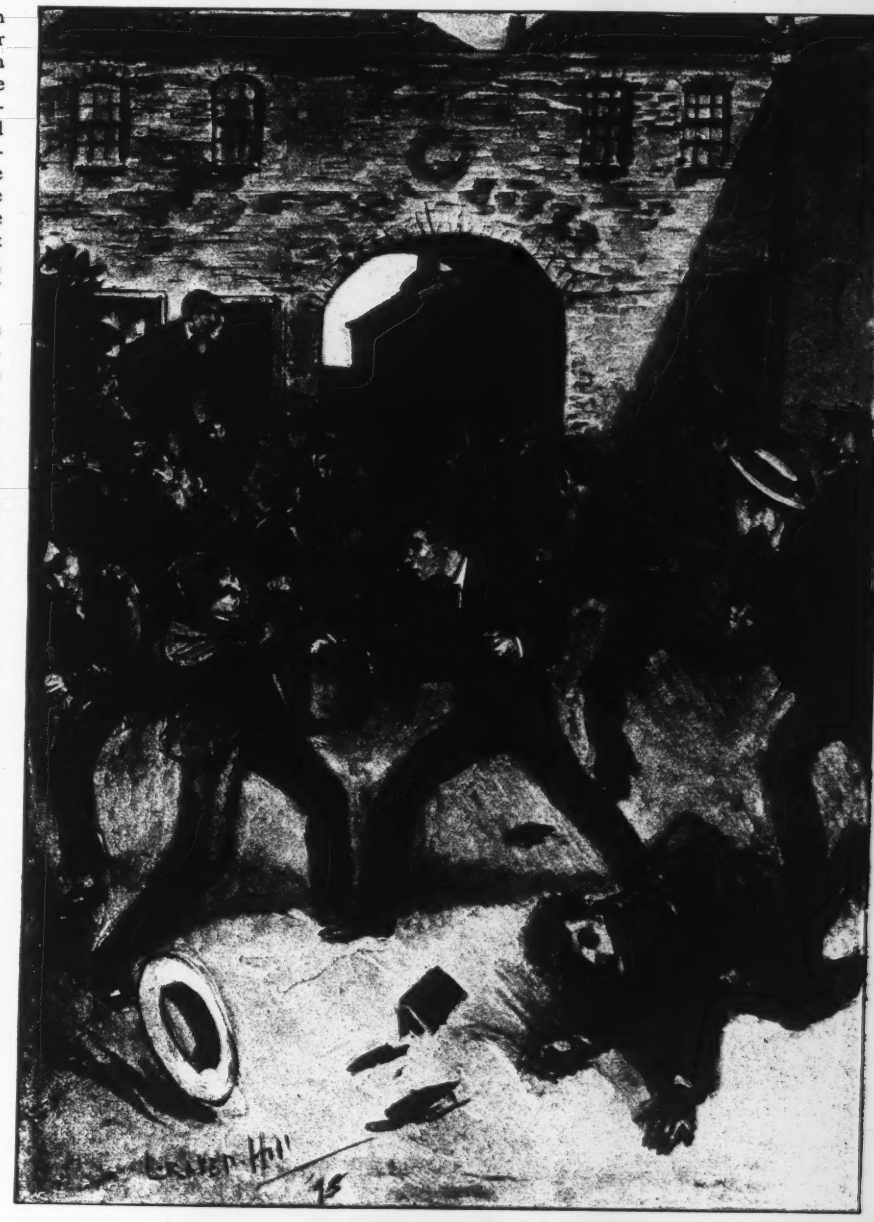
* "Politics and Religion. A Study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution." By William Law Mathieson. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons. 1902.)

party to that murder; and his approval, after the deed was done, did not rest, as Mr. Mathieson seems to think it did, on Riccio's being an enemy to the faith.

Some of his statements which are unvouched could not be proved by any satisfactory evidence, such as the assertion that Elizabeth disowned and insulted Murray in presence of the Spanish as well as the French ambassador. It is incorrect and misleading to say that "the Reformers affected to despise good works." They did not despise good works as such, although they held that no man could be justified by his works. Sometimes he seems to misunderstand his authorities, as when he says:—"The Assembly in 1576, when it was asked whether a minister or reader might keep 'an open tavern,' replied merely that those who did so should observe decorum." Had he compared Row's statement with Calderwood's, he would probably have come to the conclusion that the latter did not mean that the ministers or readers who kept taverns were to do so decorously, but that it was indecorous for such men to keep taverns.

Mr. Mathieson has sometimes relied too implicitly on the unsupported testimony of one writer. In explaining how Argyll went over from the Queen's side to the King's in August, 1571, he affirms that "the Assembly consented to divorce Argyll from his wife with a view to his marrying Lord Boyd's daughter." For this he gives two authorities, "Historie of King James the Sext, p. 85," and the "Diurnal, p. 238." The former of these says that "the lords of the Regent's part sa assistit Argyle that he was pairtit from his laughfull wyff, and adjoynit himself in mariage with a doghter of this Robert Lord Boyd." It neither says that the Assembly divorced him or consented to his divorce. The "Diurnal," however, says that Lord Boyd "persuadit the Kirk to pairt the said Erle and his wyff, and to marie his dauchter." But the truth is, and Mr. Mathieson ought to have known it, that the Church did not divorce the Earl and his wife. That was done by the Commissary Court, which was not a church-court; and it was not done until the 23rd of June, 1573, that is, nearly two years after Argyll, Cassillis, Eglinton and Boyd made their formal agreement with Morton and Mar. In 1569 Argyll had asked the Assembly to cause his wife to return to him; and accordingly the Superintendent of Fife was ordered to admonish her. The process for adherence seems to have gone on for years; and when, in March, 1572-3, the question of divorce was brought before the Assembly, that church-court, instead of giving a deliverance, referred the matter to a committee, empowering it to reason with those whom the Earl should appoint, and on bringing the question to a head on which it could not give a resolute answer, that head was to be properly penned and sent to several of the Reformed Churches for their opinion. Parliament, however, on the 30th of the following April, passed an Act, by which wilful and obstinate desertion was declared to be a ground for divorce; and this Act enabled the Commissary Court to give decree. The Assembly was so far from approving of this Act that it dealt with the Bishop of Dunkeld for supporting it in Parliament when the Assembly had suspended its judgment in the matter.

In explaining how the nobles treated the "First Book of Discipline," Mr. Mathieson does a grave injustice to the Reformers. He says:—"The Book of Discipline comprised a plain stipulation that the Church lands should be surrendered for the support of the ministry and the schools." And again:—"The ministers had some reason to resent the selfishness of their lay associates; but if their demands had



STALKY AND CO.

From a drawing by L. Raven Hill.

"'With one shout and with one cry' Prout's juniors hurled themselves into the war, and through the 'quarter' between first and second lessons some fifty twelve-year-olds were embroiled on the gravel outside King's windows to a tune whose *leit-motif* was the word 'stinker.'

'Hark to the minute gun at sea!' said Stalky. They were in their study collecting books for second lesson, Latin, with King. . . .

'My Aunt! King'll be a cheerful customer at second lesson. I haven't prepared my Horace one little bit, either,' said Beetle. 'Come on.' They were outside the form-room door now. It was within five minutes of the bell, and King might arrive at any moment.

Turkey elbowed into a cohort of scuffling fags, cut out Thornton tertius (he that had been Harland's bosom friend), and bade him tell his tale."

(Reproduced from the *Windsor Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

From a drawing by I. W. Taber.

"'H'm,' said the old man, quite unmoved by the end of Harvey's speech. 'I can't say we think special of any man, or boy even, that falls overboard from that kind o' packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's sea-sick.'

'Excuse!' cried Harvey. 'D'you suppose I'd fall overboard into your dirty little boat for fun?'"

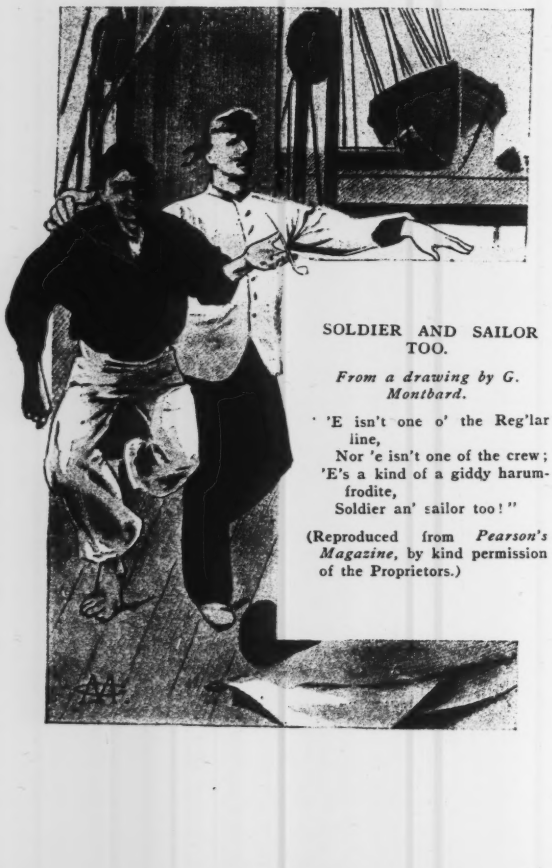
(Reproduced from "Captains Courageous," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

been a little more moderate, they might perhaps have been more successful. As the property of the Ancient Church has been reckoned at one-half of the national wealth, it would certainly have been a liberal endowment for a handful of Protestant pastors." In this latter sentence he seems to forget what he had previously said about the schools. The idea of claiming one-half of the national wealth as an endowment for a handful of Protestant pastors would have been insanely absurd; but such a claim was not made in the "Book of Discipline." It did not even propose that "the Church lands should be surrendered for the support of the ministry and the schools." It says that the ministers, the poor, and the schools should be sustained by the teinds (or tithes), and also that the expense of repairing churches should be partly taken from the teinds. Moreover, it insists that the teinds ought not to be unreasonably exacted from the poor labourers of the ground, as they had previously been; and the deficiency thus caused might have been counterbalanced by the suggested appropriation of the annual rents, etc., formerly devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. It suggests, no doubt, that the revenues of certain classes of Church lands should be appropriated to certain purposes, but these purposes were the upholding of the universities and the sustaining of the superintendents.

It was only to be expected, perhaps, that from his standpoint Mr. Mathieson should not approve of the National Covenant. He characterises it as a clear violation of the King's sovereign rights. The late Lord President Inglis, whose opinion on such a matter is entitled to carry great weight, regarded it as "a vigorous, manly, and perfectly legal declaration and protest in favour of liberty."

Mr. Mathieson has tried to hold the balance fairly between all parties, and if he has not quite succeeded his failure is only another proof of the difficulty of such a feat. Notwithstanding its blemishes, the book is one that no student of the period should neglect.

D. HAY FLEMING.

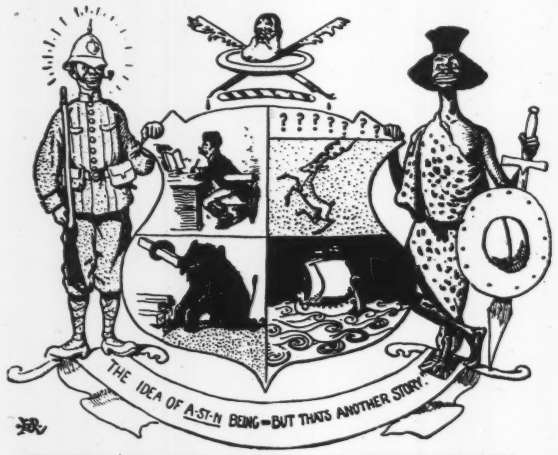


SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO.

From a drawing by G. Montbard.

'E isn't one o' the Reg'lar line,
Nor 'e isn't one of the crew;
'E's a kind of a giddy harum-frodite,
Soldier an' sailor too!"

(Reproduced from *Pearson's Magazine*, by kind permission of the Proprietors.)



READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

Drawn by E. T. Reed.

Lord K-pl-ng, of Mandelay.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a review laudatory richly deserved quite proper; 2nd, an heraldic jungle-bok rampant under several deodars or mem-sahibs or words to that effect; 3rd, a lordly elephint a pilin' teak; 4th, an argot-nautical vessel (in verse) in full sale, classed A1 at Lloyds, charged with a cargo of technicalities all warranted genuine. *Crest:* On a charger argent the head of a publisher urgent. *Supporters:* Dexter, a tommy atkins in all his glory, arrayed proper by a plain tailor from the hills; sinister, a first-class fighting man or fuzzy wuzzy of the Soudan, regardant sable on a British square charged with an élan effrontée.

(Reproduced from *Punch*, by kind permission of the Proprietors.)

THE LIFE OF MAX MÜLLER.*

The compilation of a successful Memoir mainly out of letters to and from its subject requires careful and discriminating judgment. In this instance the value and interest of the book would have been increased if the selection of letters for publication had been more carefully made; indeed nearly half of them do not contain matter of sufficient interest to justify their publication. The correspondence of one who occupied such a prominent position was necessarily miscellaneous, and the letters in great part are of personal or ephemeral interest only, and do not aid us, as all the elements of a biography should, in gaining an insight into the personality of its hero. In a sense, the Memoir is intended as a

* "The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. (London: Longmans. 1902.) 32s. net.

supplement to the two volumes, "Auld Lang Syne" and the posthumous Autobiography; and the author has written only so much of narrative as suffices to weave the letters into a continuous history.

The life is one well worthy of study. We can trace the stages by which a poor student, son of a civil servant in one of the smallest duchies in Germany, became in his thirtieth year professor in our great English University, and was, in his fiftieth year, the esteemed friend of the royal and noble personages of several lands.

There is a psychological as well as a practical interest in the contemplation of the career of a successful man. In the case of one like Max Müller, whose position brought him prominently into public view, and who has, in his books, given us so much that is suggestive of his inner life, it is possible to speculate on the conditions of his success. Even from the outset of his student life he had that subtle charm of an attractive personality by which he influenced those who came in contact with him, and he was fortunate in interesting in his affairs friends of high station like Baron Bunsen, who helped him in his progress. His appearance was prepossessing, his manner courtly, his dress faultless; he was a musician of no mean skill, and always ready to exercise this talent; he was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his studies, but wise enough not to bore his friends. He had a profound belief in himself, which led him to speak with confidence and with authority, and yet he expressed himself so courteously that his dogmatism was not offensive; to the skill of a courtier he added the tact of a diplomatist, and he wrote in a vigorous, dignified, and clear style. Even the very formlessness and lack of method which often characterised his works made them more readable by those who were not experts in the sciences in which he was interested, and the simple vanity which he showed when he received the well-deserved honours which were conferred upon him was of a nature rather to gratify than to offend those who gave them.

In the three great departments of knowledge upon which he wrote, Sanskrit literature, comparative philology, and comparative religion, he was regarded, in the public mind, as the highest authority, and was by most people believed to be, if not the founder of these sciences, at least the introducer of them into England. Yet there have been in Britain more accomplished Sanskrit scholars, more accurate philologists, and more profound philosophers, but none who, before his time, succeeded in awakening any general interest in their subjects, or whose work was known outside the narrow circle of specialists. It is to him especially that we owe the popularising of these subjects, which now attract so much attention among all who pretend to any degree of culture.

Those who have followed the course of the works by which Max Müller is best known will naturally look to see what notice is taken here, either in the letters or the narrative, of the animadversions of Whitney and of his relation to Professor Aufrecht. We learn that the dilatoriness displayed in the publication of the Rig Veda, of which the great American Sanskritist complained, was, in part at least, not his fault. But on the other hand, in the light of the progress which the science of Comparative Philology has made since his day, the unprejudiced reader can scarcely fail to note that most of the criticisms made by Whitney in his papers in the *North*

RUDYARD KIPLING.
From a drawing by "Spy."
(Reproduced from *Vanity Fair*, by kind permission of the Editor.)

RUDYARD KIPLING.
From a drawing by William Nicholson.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.)

American Review, in 1861, 1865, and 1871, have been fully justified.

The world will probably never know how much Max Müller owed to Professor Aufrecht in his edition of the Vedas. In the letters written during the period in which the latter acted as his assistant he acknowledges the aid which he received from his compatriot; but in Müller's references to the publication of the Vedic hymns in Europe in his Gifford Lectures he mentions no edition between the few specimens published by Rosen in 1830 and the completion of his large edition with the Sâyana commentary in 1873; yet long before that work was more than half done Aufrecht had published in Weber's "Indische Studien" the whole of the Rig Veda in a carefully transliterated text, the first part, including Mandala i.-v. in 1861, and the remaining part (Mandala vi.-x.) in 1863, so that Whitney was justified in saying in 1868 that "it is Aufrecht who is the true editor of the Veda." There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the popular and brilliant Professor and the shy, profound student, who cared little for external appearance or social life, who was cautious and conscientious almost to a fault in his work, and who concealed under a reserved and somewhat irascible shell of manner a warm and sympathetic nature. The very qualities which ensured the success and popularity of Max Müller's writings sometimes proved irritating to those who were equally conversant with the same branches of knowledge. To them there was little of originality and much of repetition in the material which he presented to the public, and many of his philological and philosophical conclusions were based on insecure or insufficient premises, while some of his hypotheses, especially in Comparative Mythology, were artificial and unsatisfactory, and justified the criticisms passed on them by Andrew Lang and other writers in the same field of work.

But the Memoirs are more directly concerned with the man than with these details of his work, and one can easily understand, from the presentation of his personal character as portrayed here, how much and justly he deserved the affection of his intimates, the esteem of those in the outer circle of his acquaintance, the admiration of the cultured section of the public, and the honour and confidence of those of the highest rank in this and other lands. ALEX. MACALISTER.

GOOD QUEEN ANNE.*

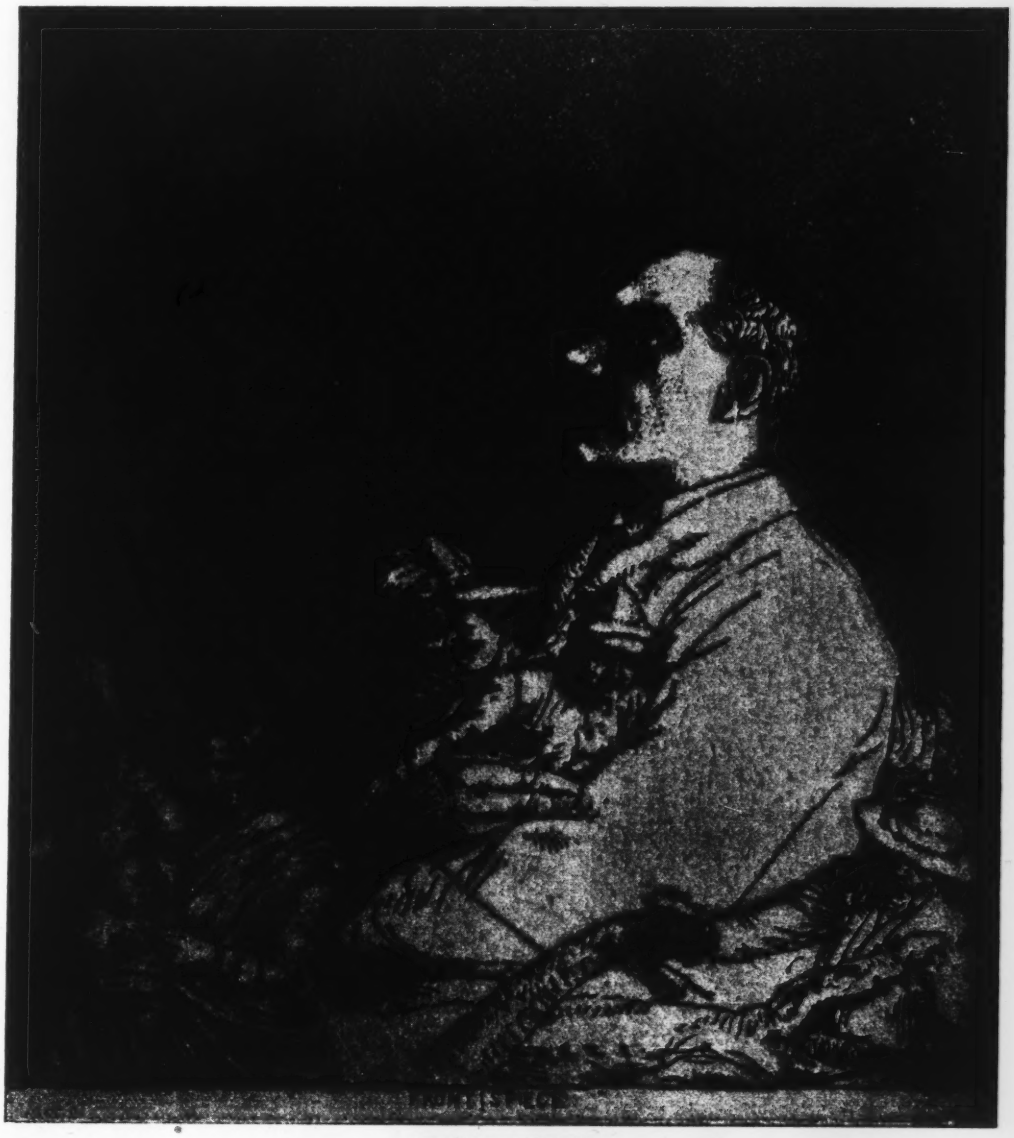
The present history of the reign of Anne is not likely to be mistaken for the definite history that Macaulay proposed to himself to write, yet it is one of the most agreeable pieces of historical writing which the curiously attractive reign of the last of the Stuarts has called forth. The rotundity of this short reign of twelve years, the singular interest of the personages and incidents crowded into it, and its central position in modern English history, have attracted to it what is in some respects, no doubt, a disproportionate amount of attention. As early as 1735 Abel Boyer digested his "Annals" of the reign into a very compendious political history, and, half a century later, Dr. Somerville devoted to it a full-dress history after the manner of his great exemplar, William Robertson. Since then, this short and well-defined period has been treated again and again, and the present may be said, without exaggeration, to be the fifth fairly successful attempt to present the outlines of the reign to us; not, it is true, with the minute and laborious definition of the line engraver, but through the graceful and artistic medium of mezzotint. Of these five studies, those of Stanhope and Wyon are, for the most part, political in character, while the present volumes approximate rather to the more general surveys of Burton and Mrs. Oliphant. The materials for the social history of the reign have, in fact, increased enormously with the appearance of Mr. Ashton's excellent monograph, the studies of Mr. Aitken and others on Steele and "The Spectator," Swift and Arbuthnot, the revival of late Renaissance building and formal gardening, and the general cult of "Queen Anne" in applied art. The historical isolation of these twelve years, from the dynastic point of view, and the quaint amenities of its style, from the artistic, are not perhaps quite sufficient in themselves to explain the reduplication of Queen Anne books of which we have given

* "The Reign of Queen Anne." By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. 24s. (Chatto and Windus.)

From Photo by] [*G. W. West, Rottingdean.*
KIPLING'S FORMER RESIDENCE AT ROTTINGDEAN.

salient examples only. We would attempt to explain the attraction of the age of Anne by a figure which will appeal most directly to the Londoner. We regard the present as the every-day town; the past as a zone of country with certain possibilities in the way of recuperative excursions. In looking back for a picturesque spot, not too remote yet wholly uncontaminated by the smoke from the present, we find all commercialism, these factors combined to make England at the moment intensely English. It was this that made Anne, with her "wholly English heart," so extraordinarily popular. The fact that her reign stands thus at the parting of the ways has given it an adventitious interest, which the lapse of time seems only to increase.

It is unnecessary to describe Mr. McCarthy's volumes in



RUDYARD KIPLING.

From an etching by William Strang.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

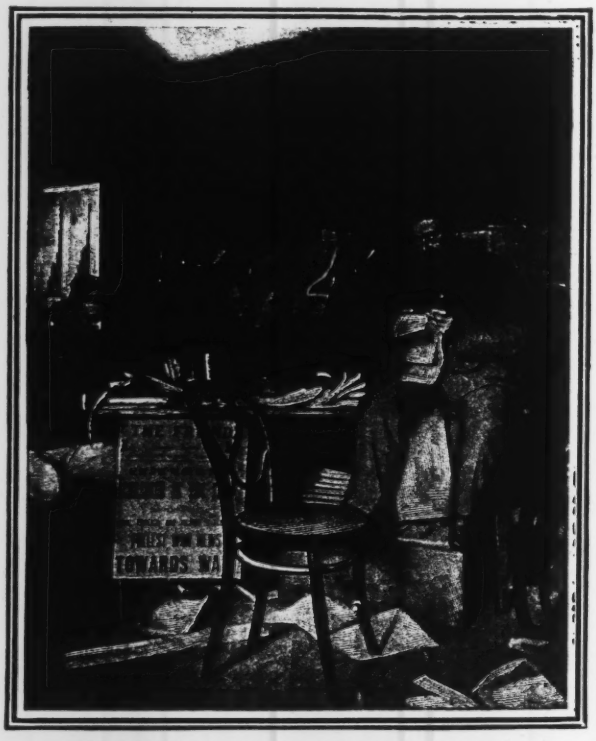
the quaintness and charm of some small yet compact river-side township in this still easily accessible period of Queen Anne. In Anne's reign England was not yet an industrial country. The Tory squire was still in the ascendant and, though the ordinary parson was much poorer than at the present day, the English Church, with a big C, was at the zenith of its power, and Nonconformity in a manifest decline. England was hardly yet an oversea power, and, contrary to all subsequent usage, actually won territories by land which it had to hold by sea power. The power of Stocks and Shares, too, had hardly begun to make itself felt, and the bulls and bears were yet as laughable and as innocent as puppies. The isolation of our position at the moment, an insularity aggravated by the Deutsch tendencies of William, the subsidence of puritanism and the comparative insignificance of any great detail; they are in fact most agreeably written, and the writer's gift for gossipy narrative is far too well known to need demonstration. The reign is plotted out neatly into forty chapters, with headlines which often recall the effective titles of Mr. McCarthy's novels. There is not the slightest pretence to any kind of new research, or at least, if there is such pretence, we have been wholly unable to discover it. No references are given to authorities; and we find no traces of search among the great diplomatic repertories of Klopp, Lamberty, and Legrelle, not to speak of the Windsor, Stuart, and Domestic State Papers. Wyon wrote his history very largely out of the "Lettres Historiques" of Jean Dumont. Mr. McCarthy seems barely to have referred to them, and has lost thereby a good many picturesque touches. We are not referring to these omissions in any spirit of depreciation.

The loss is in reality very slight in regard to what we conceive Mr. McCarthy's object to have been, namely, to give a thoroughly genial and discursive account of the reign, interpreting every incident to the modern spirit, at the same time illustrating freely from modern instances. In this we can say at once that he has been completely successful. The method, it is true, tends to a dangerous frequency of general statements, few of which would bear, perhaps, the close scrutiny of an historical expert. A casual statement, for instance, that "war in those times was made in the interests of princes and dynasties only," or the extremely vague remark that the Electress Sophia of Hanover had, *on her mother's side, some family connection* with Charles I., as if her selection to occupy the English throne by the Act of Settlement was the result of an almost haphazard choice. Few, again, who have studied her reign at all minutely will agree with the extremely low opinion formed by Mr. McCarthy of the force of the Queen's character, or with his statement that the Treaty of Utrecht brings with it no glory to English statesmen. Even if we do not go so far as Waldershare in "Endymion," and say that English history is not worth reading after the Treaty of Utrecht, we have always been strongly of the opinion that the treaty represented one of the most substantial triumphs ever obtained by English arms or English diplomacy. The book would seem to contain a good many of these approximations, but these will not unfit it in any way for popular consumption. Its qualities adapt it admirably for reading aloud, and it will probably do much to popularise a period, our respect for which shows no tendency to diminish as the generations flit by.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

The Ruddikipple
This little Animal is very strong and vigorous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it, it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stys everboby up so it would make a pew opera want to die for his country. If a Lorryit shows his nose it just sovashes him flat.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."
(Reproduced from *Punch*, by kind permission of the Proprietors.)



THE EDITORS OF THE "FRIEND" AT WORK.

Photographed by H. Mackern.

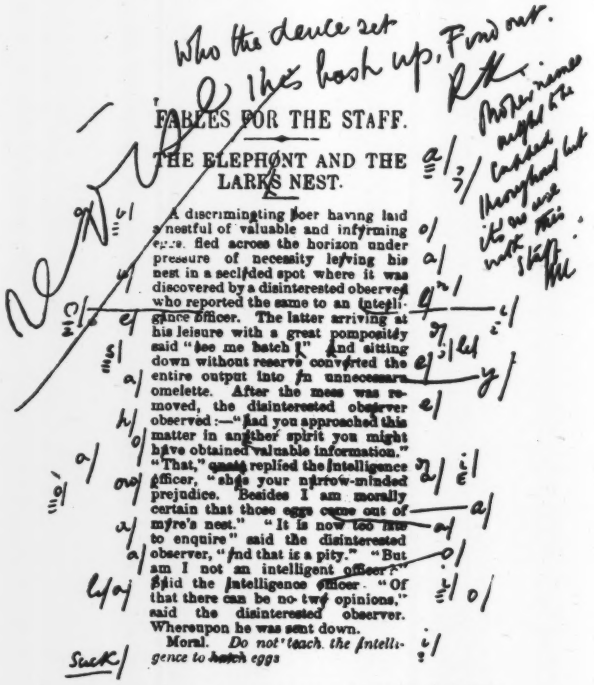
The *Friend* was edited at Bloemfontein by the correspondents with Lord Roberts's forces, March-April, 1900.

"Mr. Kipling now became a regular harnessed member of the four-in-hand team that pulled the paper. With pen in hand and pipe in mouth he sat at the larger of the two tables in our editorial pokehole, and beginning with a 'Now, what shall I do? Write a poem, fill out cables, or correct proofs?' would fall to and toil away with an enthusiasm born of the long time it had been since he had 'smelled the sawdust of the ring.'"

(Reproduced from Julian Ralph's "War's Brighter Side; the Story of the *Friend* Newspaper," by kind permission of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

THE OTHER SIDE.*

Indignant and curiously irrational outcries have been raised in some quarters at Mr. Kruger's bias and bitterness against England in these "Memoirs" of his. The bitterness



FABLES FOR THE STAFF.

THE ELEPHONT AND THE LARKS NEST.

A discriminating boer having laid a nestful of valuable and infirming eggs fled across the horizon under pressure of necessity leaving his nest in a secluded spot where it was discovered by a disinterested observer who reported the same to an intelligence officer. The latter arriving at his leisure with a great pomposity said "lee me hatch!" and sitting down without reserve converted the entire output into an unnecessary omelette. After the mess was removed, the disinterested observer observed:—"had you approached this matter in another spirit you might have obtained valuable information." "That," quoth replied the intelligence officer, "ahde your narrow-minded prejudice. Besides I am morally certain that those eggs came out of myre's nest." "It is now too late to enquire" said the disinterested observer, "and that is a pity." "But am I not an intelligent officer?" said the intelligence officer. "Of that there can be no two opinions," said the disinterested observer. Whereupon he was sent down.

Moral. *Do not teach the intelligence to hatch eggs*

A CORRECTED "PROOF" BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Giving a glimpse of the struggle between the editors of the "Friend" and the Dutch Compositors.)

"The rest of the time of all except the man who wrote the leader of the day was spent in correcting the typographical errors of the Dutch compositors, who, by the way, could make more numerous and more dreadful mistakes in type than ever an intelligence officer made in getting news of the enemy."

(Reproduced from Julian Ralph's "War's Brighter Side; the Story of the *Friend* Newspaper," by kind permission of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

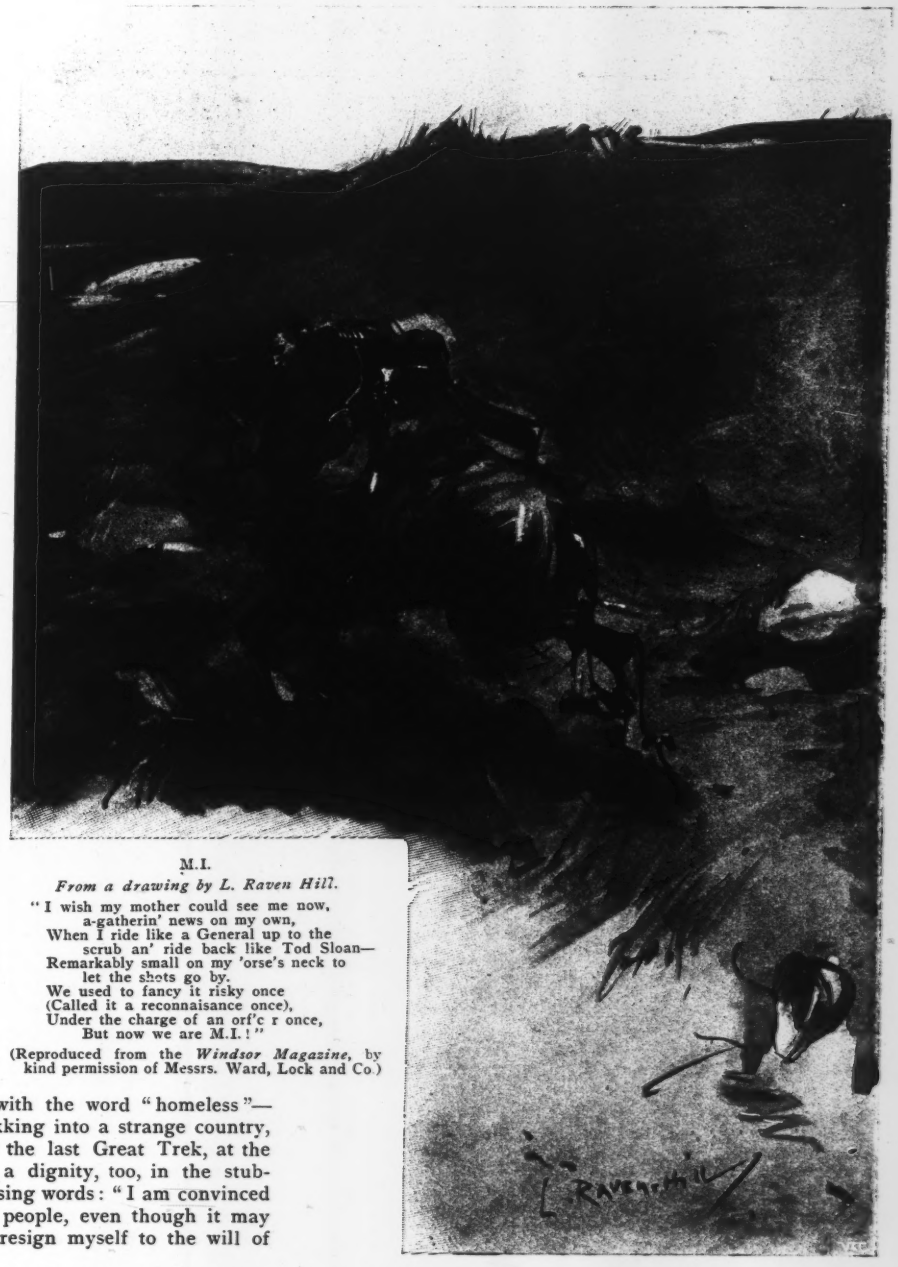
is undeniable; he sneers at Lord Roberts, imputes bad faith to Chamberlain, Milner, and Rhodes, and has seldom anything for British institutions and British methods generally but anger and contempt. This only means, however, at worst, that with all his fervent, deep-rooted, narrow religion, the ex-President is about as human as the rest of us; that is sufficiently evident on every page of his book; and it is a little absurd to expect that a man who is still smarting under defeat should write amiably of his conquerors. We might reasonably suspect him of hyprocrisy if he did.

The fact is, Mr. Kruger has been consistently biased against us all his days; whether we have ever given him any

* "The Memoirs of Paul Kruger. Told by Himself." 2 vols. 32s. (Unwin.) "Three Years War." By C. R. De Wet. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

real excuse for this prejudice does not concern us at present; certainly, recent events have not been calculated to endear us to him. Bringing together here the recollections of his long life, he strives after no effects of style, but says what he has to say in the ordinary, familiar fashion a man uses when he talks; perhaps the very absence of any asseveration of his sincerity helps to impress one with a conviction that he is simply, doggedly sincere, and that in all he did, in his official capacity, he really was actuated by a passionate love of his country and a desire to do honestly, according to his lights, his duty by his people. He was mistaken, perhaps; he failed conspicuously; but that he still adheres to the convictions that led to his failure, is still satisfied that he took the only course that was possible to him, and abates no jot of his distrust and dislike of us, rather entitles him to our respect, and is in itself his best vindication. Having done what he conceived to be right, he would not be justified in changing his mind about it merely because it had not proved to be a good thing for himself. He undoubtedly shares the feeling that De Wet expresses: "As things have turned out, all that can now be said is, we have done our best, and to ask anyone to do more is unreasonable. May it be the cry of everyone, 'God willed it so—His name be praised!'"

Mr. Kruger saw the beginning of the South African Republic, as he has seen the end of it. His "Memoirs" start from when, at the age of nine, driven, he says, by England's perfidy in connection with the suppression of slavery, he and his family migrated to the north of the Orange River, a year before the Great Trek was accomplished. He tells of his early days, his hunting adventures and perilous escapes from lions and elephants, with evident enjoyment, and relates not without pardonable pride, his daring exploits in many little wars against the savage tribes of the surrounding districts, and the fame and prestige that accrued to him therefrom. His story of the founding and progress of the Republic with which his own career is bound up inseparably, may be too deeply coloured by his ingrained prejudices to have much historical value, but it has the interest and value that always attaches to a record of things by the man who saw and did them; it is full of conscious and unconscious self-revelations, and it may persuade us to appreciate his point of view, though not to accept it. And when all is said, there is much of pathos in the hard, strenuous life that must head its first and its last chapters with the word "homeless"—homeless at the beginning, trekking into a strange country, and homeless, on the eve of the last Great Trek, at the end. There is a pathos and a dignity, too, in the stubborn, indomitable old man's closing words: "I am convinced that God does not forsake His people, even though it may often appear so. Therefore I resign myself to the will of the Lord."



M.I.

From a drawing by L. Raven Hill.

"I wish my mother could see me now,
a-gatherin' news on my own,
When I ride like a General up to the
scrub an' ride back like Tod Sloan—
Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to
let the shots go by.
We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaisance once),
Under the charge of an orf'c r once,
But now we are M.I.!"

(Reproduced from the *Windsor Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

While Kruger, limiting himself to his personal experiences, deals only with the political issues of the late war, De Wet, keeping within similar limitations in his "Three Years War," gives us a terse, manful relation of his own great share in the fighting, from the time he went on commando at Elandslaagte, as an ordinary burgher, to the day when, as the most famous of the Boer commanders, he grudgingly surrendered at Vereeniging. It makes a stirring and absorbing story, though it is not always gratifying to our national pride. He tells without boasting, in blunt, matter-of-fact, soldierly fashion, of how much of his success he owed to the blundering of our officers and men, to our over-confidence and insufficient scouting, and draws, simply, and also without boasting, thrilling and vivid pictures of the hardships he and his followers endured, their night marches, and night attacks, their reckless ventures and perilous escapes in the unquiet days when our newspapers were palpitating with reports of how we were chasing him, rounding him up, and cornering him, yet never getting him cornered. Of the political rights and wrongs of the business he says nothing; such matters as the concentration camps and the farm burnings he views, naturally, from the Boer standpoint and indignantly denounces, but on the whole there is little in his book that is unfair or resentful, and nothing of the rancour and bias that dominate the utterances of his old chief.

De Wet is indubitably the broader-minded, the finer and more cultured spirit of the two, and he is inspired by the same fierce love of country, the same belief in the justice of his cause, the same indomitable will, and the same profound, almost fanatical religious fatalism that inspire Kruger. "Here," he writes of one of his exploits, "I had the most wonderful of all the escapes that God allowed me in the whole course of the war." Again, "Everything is as it must be, and unless one is a sluggard—who brings trouble upon himself by doing nothing to avoid it—one has no reason to complain." When he fails to capture Lord Kitchener, he says merely that "A Higher Power had willed it otherwise." Referring to the two Boer disasters on two successive anniversaries of Majuba, he says, "How am I to explain the inexplicable? *We had sinned—but not against England.*"

These, and similar passages in Kruger's book as well as in De Wet's, read almost like echoes from the letters and speeches of Cromwell. The likeness of the Boers to the older Puritans has often been suggested, and the resemblance is undeniable: they are men of the same stout moral and mental fibre, the same great physical courage, and solemn religious ecstasy. But both De Wet and Kruger acknowledge that they knew even at the outset they had no prospect of ultimate success, they obstinately took the path they felt it was their duty to take, satisfied that whatever happened would happen as God willed it. And in this they differed from Cromwell and his invincibles, who were convinced not only that they were God's chosen people, but that the cause for which they fought was God's, and therefore must inevitably prevail—defeat was out of the question. It were not altogether easy to say which is the grander faith, but there can be no doubt as to which is the more potent.

Letters, speeches, and documents of historical significance are reprinted in the appendices to both these books; characteristic portraits of Mr. Kruger preface his two volumes, and the "Three Years War" has for frontispiece an excellent reproduction of Sargent's recent drawing of De Wet.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF.

From a drawing by Cecil Aldin.

Then the Man threw his two boots and his little stone axe (that makes three) at the Cat, and the Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree; and from that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw thing at a Cat whenever they meet him, and all proper Dogs will chase him up a tree. But the Cat keeps his part of the bargain, too. He will kill mice; and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as Babies do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes to the wet Wild Woods or the wet Wild Trees or on the wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

(Reproduced from the *Windsor Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

A LITERARY LIFE.*

"It is commonly supposed that the uniformity of a studious life affords us matter for narration: but the truth is, that of the most studious life a great part passes without study. The author partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes, fears, expectations, and disappointments, griefs and joys, friends and enemies, like a courtier or a statesman; nor can I conceive why his affairs should not excite curiosity as much as the whisper of a drawing room or the factions of a camp."

I take these sentences from a little leather-bound copy of Johnson's "Idler" (Cooke's edition of 1799), on whose flyleaf the first owner has made an inventory of his wines, noting the comfortable fact that he has "1 Dozn. Port in Closet." The port would have improved by the lapse of a century, Dr. Johnson's opinion has become a trifle flat. Boswell, with his life of the Doctor, laid it on the doorstep of the Obvious; Lockhart, with his life of Scott, pushed it inside; and to-day the public not only knows that authors marry, but is unhappy until it sees their love letters.

And yet Dr. Johnson's plea may be no superfluous heading to this article. Curiously enough it is still, perhaps, only those big authors who have had big biographers that the public is sure are "partakers of the common condition of humanity." The ordinary writer, about whom little or nothing is known, is still adjudged to be a person aside from the mass of men. He is expected to look like an author, and not like an ordinary man. Sympathy is felt for his wife at a venture, and the charity meted out to himself, though it suffereth long, is scarcely kind. As for the monsters of the profession, Quarterly reviewers and the like, it would be rash to assume that they are yet recognised as members of the human family.

To hasten their inclusion, however, there comes along the life and essays of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, some time editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The circumstance that these two handsome volumes are edited by his son, Mr. Warwick Elwin, should be itself a blinding revelation of the fact that even a Quarterly reviewer may be a family man. Moreover, the whole interest of this memoir lies in its portrait, clear and abundant, of an editor of great ability and great faults, who, working strenuously, if fitfully, with his pen, was not "all author," but lived out his home life, and did his work as a village clergyman too.

Nearly all the little personal problems of the literary life met in Elwin's career. He did not retire like FitzGerald, or go everywhere like Thackeray. He wrote brilliantly, but hated the labour. He edited well, but was always late and unbusinesslike. He prepared his work in the country, and com-

* "Some XVIIIth Century Men of Letters." Biographical Essays by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Edited by his Son. With a Memoir. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Murray.)

pleted it in London. In society he was tactful, in his literary dealings a bear. His achievement was fine without being inimitable.

When, in 1853, Murray began to talk seriously of handing over the editorship of the *Quarterly* from the fast-failing Lockhart to Elwin, he was haunted by doubts whether Elwin's cloth would not stand in his way, Lockhart, meanwhile, playfully objecting that a clerical editor would not be able to "go on the ground to fight duels." Elwin replied: "I quite agree with you that editing a journal of any kind is not a clerical function." To do him justice, he never attempted to make it one. It was Elwin's honest endeavour to separate the two offices, to be a good Rector of Booton and a good editor of the *Quarterly*. This brought into his life some of its quaintest contrasts. The man who on Sunday morning celebrated Holy Communion in his primitive little church, with the visible assistance of a corkscrew, came up to London on Monday to be as modern and literary as the best of his contributors.

This journey to London was the culminating excitement of the ten days preceding each issue of the *Review*. When the time drew near for the publication of a number Elwin, in the raw Elizabethan rectory he had built for himself in Norfolk, was always in arrears. He then wrote night and day, and his spirits rose with the pressure. He would be at his desk at half-past five in the morning, and at twelve or one at night his pen would still be driving along. "The editor is never so well or so happy," his wife wrote, "as when he is most busy. If you could only see him in the first month of the quarter and in the last, you would wish that every month was the last month."

Yet the scurry had only begun. On the latest day that he could select, or that Murray could endure, Elwin would rush up to London, leaving his pen in his study ink-pot, like a flag, and secrete himself in a room at the Old Hummums Hotel in Covent Garden Market. Here he would sometimes write feverishly in his bed-room. Once he wrote a long article in the coffee-room, in a few long sittings. "My London history," he once said, "is summed up in a single sentence—Work, work, work all day, and dine, dine, dine every evening."

Murray, who was paying him £1,000 a year, beside remuneration for his articles, offered him another £200 a year if he would come up and live in London. But he would not hear of it. His love of the country was very strong, and the inertia in him asserted itself whenever the excitement of bringing out a number was over. On his return from the London hurly-burly he would be more or less laid up with a sort of fever, producing lassitude and the procrastination of his next literary task.

Elwin's muddling was not confined to his writing. He built his Rectory out of his own and his wife's capital, and it is very probable that he was right in surmising that the workmen made it a shop in which to do work for other people—so slow was their progress. The family moved into it in a hurry in 1853, before the walls were dry, and there was bronchitis all round. But the rooms were still unpainted and unpapered, and so they remained for fifty years. "The unfinished house; the windows unprotected by blinds; his utter unconsciousness of it," wrote John Forster in his diary for 1854. Once a clergyman visiting them said to Mrs. Elwin, as he

KIM AND THE LETTER-WRITER.
From a drawing by J. Lockwood Kipling.

"Mechanically Kim squatted beside him,—squatted as only the natives can,—in spite of the abominable clinging trousers. The writer regarded him sideways.

'Wonder on wonder!' murmured the letter-writer, dipping a reed in the inkstand. 'To be written in Hindi?'

'Assuredly. To Mahbub Ali then. Begin!'"

(Reproduced from "Kim," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

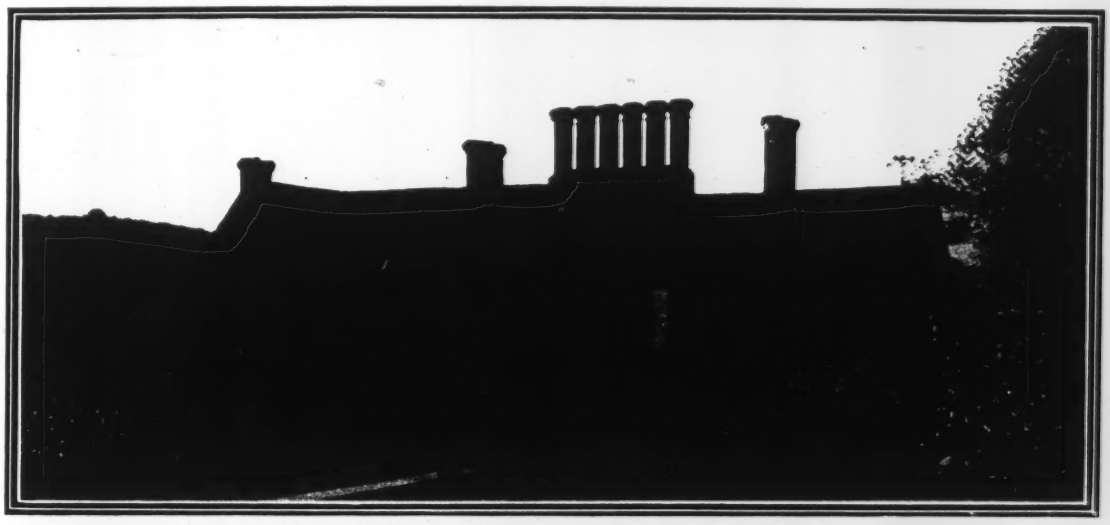


Photo by] RUDYARD KIPLING'S PRESENT RESIDENCE AT BURWASH, SUSSEX. [*H. B. Collis, Canterbury.*

(Reproduced from the *Sphere*, by kind permission of the Editor.)

looked round him: "You have lately moved." "Yes," she replied, "we have only been here twelve years." As for the grounds, they long remained a quagmire. But nothing disturbed Mrs. Elwin. She is described by Forster as a perfect lady, and a homely, good model of an English mother.

To this harum-scarum gentleman came much of the most important literary correspondence of the day, and very ill it fared. Elwin had no business method of dealing with his letters, and in 1857 he gave an indication of his feelings by saying: "Every day is eaten up by the eternal correspondence and petty interruption which make up modern life. The present Lord Hertford says that a man is a fool if he answers a letter, for the only consequence will be that he will have to answer a second." Fortified by the example of Lord Hertford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* not only did not answer his numerous letters, but put off even opening them. They fell on the floor, and lay like the immemorial humus of a forest on the Congo. Only they were not dead leaves; each was alive and ready to burst its envelope with indignation.

In spite of it all, Elwin dragged the *Quarterly* out of the mire of dulness into which it had fallen during the last years of Lockhart's reign. Perhaps his cavalier methods were those best adapted to the situation. To make silk purses out of sows' ears was his continual vexing task. The glimpses we obtain of his laboratory must interest any writer. He had to learn and deplore the scarcity of readable articles. This search for readability still goes on in every editorial office; in that one word the whole war between editor and contributors is contained. Articles are learned, clever, reasoned, and what you will, but they are too seldom readable. This is the journalist's knack. Elwin noticed that the art of writing was specially rare in the three great professions, and that doctors as a class are by far the worst writers.

One could dwell on a dozen literary points that crop up in this working editor's life. Like Dr. Johnson, like so many smaller writers, Elwin did his best work when matched against time. Given a certain temperament, there is probably no better, I should say no other, method for a writer. Criticism may not be "creative work," but the act of producing it is very like creating; its effect on nerve and vein is the same. Without a feeling of exaltation many a writer can produce nothing that will go home to his readers. From the clang of machinery and the smell of printers' ink he obtains the afflatus which he has wooed in vain in his closeted leisure.

Another interesting point is that Elwin composed his articles audibly, accompanying his pen with his voice and with a gentle movement of his head. In this way he at once gratified and cultivated his sense of prose rhythm—a sense very lacking in many of our best known writers to-day. This is a subject, indeed, that calls for separate treatment.

A third point worth noting is Elwin's sensible way with quotations: he never hesitated to change tenses and persons in order to make his extracts flow harmoniously with his own sentences.

Mr. Warwick Elwin is to be thanked for these details, on which I have purposely dwelt to the exclusion of larger matters. Elwin's friendship with Lord Brougham, his social successes, his church-building operations at Booton, his almost penal labours on his edition of Pope, I must leave with a mention. The interest of the book lies precisely where Dr. Johnson's passage indicates it should lie—in its composite portrait of the man and the writer, of the paterfamilias and the literary pontiff.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE CRAB THAT PLAYED.

From a drawing by Rudyard Kipling.

"This is a picture of Pau Amma the Crab running away while the Eldest Magician was talking to the Man and his Little Girl Daughter. The Eldest Magician is sitting on his magic throne, wrapped up in his Magic Cloud. The three flowers in front of him are the three Magic Flowers. On the top of the hill you can see All-the-Elephant-there-was, and All-the-Cow-there-was, and All-the-Turtle-there was going off to play as the Eldest Magician told them. . . . The Man is very busy talking to the Eldest Magician. The Little Girl Daughter is looking at Pau Amma as he runs away. That humpy thing in the water in front is Pau Amma. He wasn't a common Crab in those days. He was a King Crab. That is why he looks different. The thing that looks like bricks that the Man is standing in, is the Big Miz-Maze. When the Man has done talking with the Eldest Magician he will walk in the Big Miz-Maze, because he has to. The mark on the stone under the Man's foot is a magic mark; and down underneath I have drawn the three Magic Flowers all mixed up with the Magic Cloud. All this picture is Big Medicine and Strong Magic."

(Reproduced from "Just So Stories," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

THE PERILS OF DEMOCRACY.*

Two volumes, closely printed, with long unbroken paragraphs, translated from a foreigner's French—we ask our-

* "Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties." By M. Ostrogorski. Translated from the French by Frederick Clark, M.A. 25s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

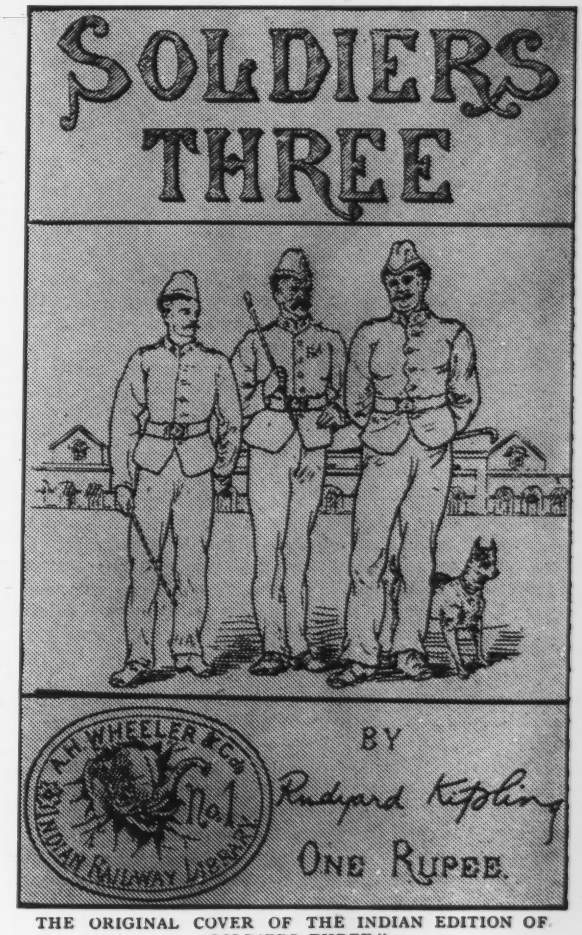
THE ORIGINAL COVER OF THE INDIAN EDITION OF "WEE WILLIE WINKIE."
(1st Edition.)
(Reproduced from a volume kindly supplied by Mr. A. P. Watt.)

selves how many will read them? They ought to be read; their message is one of life and death; the man that brings it has learning, convictions, insight, philosophy, and is a lover of his kind. But why did he not engage the services of a nimble French critic who would have shaken apart his dense columns and let into them light and air? Aiming at persuasion, he has published a Blue Book. "The half is more than the whole," said our Greek master. And the Bible of Democracy remains to be written.

On thoughtful persons, who alone will gird themselves up to study this enormous pamphlet, we have a counsel to bestow. They should read and master the conclusion before attempting the history. Otherwise they may suspect, as we did, that the author hates democratic ideas, and is bent on showing how impossible they are in the modern world. It is not so at all; quite the other way. M. Ostrogorski believes, not indeed that we live under a law of progress, but that civilised peoples have travelled into a stage where public opinion rules, where contract is the foundation of authority, and where kings, kaisers, parliaments, and even commercial syndicates, are powerless in the presence of the nation, provided the nation has a definite will. He judges, likewise, that this form of society comes nearer to the ideal than any which have gone before it. The "free democratic city" is the "supreme refuge of human dignity." Other political and social forms are dead. But whereas we have, in England, America, and the British Colonies, achieved the "Habeas Corpus," there is yet to be secured the "Habeas Animum." Democracy, born amid systems of organised and permanent direction, in and through the struggle of parties, inherits a method which it must shake off or perish. Hitherto it has not been democratic enough. Salvation consists in destroying the old Constitutional Whig and Tory arrangement on this side of the Atlantic; on the other in breaking up "the Machine," abolishing Democrats and Republicans, substituting "leagues" for "parties," and trusting the Executive chosen upon new lines.

Such is the programme, though not all, for it extends to a code almost of legislation. That changes no less drastic are indispensable the author proves by an extraordinary wealth and power of analysis, applied to the story of England since 1832 in his first volume, and to the United States since their beginning. The method will remind us of Buckle; it is founded on all sorts of documents, from Acts of Congress to novels and newspapers, supplemented by personal investigations which have taken M. Ostrogorski over many modern countries. This part, skilfully compressed, its evidence summed up and tabulated, could be made far more effective without losing its authenticity. The reader is apt to go astray in such a wilderness of detail; if we may say so, the manner is Gladstonian, exuberant rhetoric, not strokes of the picturesque. But if on English ground it threatens to be dull, once we reach America the sky brightens. "Old Hickory," Tweed and Tammany, the Philadelphia Gas Ring, Mugwumps and deadheads, make a pretty play between them. We prophesy that students who yawn over the first volume will decline upon the second with an amused smile. The Presidential election by itself is, in the language of John Locke, worth the money. What need to enlarge on other delights? on the inexhaustible Tammany which rules New York long after it has been found out, or the religion of the "Machine," or the public and private character of the tyrant-boss, that strange resurrection from old Greek and mediæval Italian chronicles? Much of it will be new to English readers, more of it entertaining, and the whole tragical, pregnant with momentous issues.

In England the caucus, in America the party; these have wrecked the ancient system; as long as they reign democracy will be an idea rather than a fact. Entangled with each are immense private interests. The great houses govern still



THE ORIGINAL COVER OF THE INDIAN EDITION OF "SOLDIERS THREE."
(2nd Edition.)
(Reproduced from a volume kindly supplied by Mr. A. P. Watt.)

through Primrose Leagues and other sham associations of so-called free voters, manipulating British democracy with velvet gloves, and professing to admire the Conservative working man. Years ago Henry George told his fellow Americans that nine out of ten had no more to do with the government of their country than with the government of China. The democracy is exploited by professional politicians, and these by the New Feudalism of the Trust. But the organisation, if a "State Machine," levies toll on "every grade of public, political, and economic life." When it embraces the nation and appoints the President, it reveals itself as "an industrial concern for making money out of places." It is simply the American mafia and camorra.

How can this parasite on democracy be got rid of? In M. Ostrogorski's opinion the despised and detested "Mugwumps" have shown the way. Refusing to be party men, they are the individuals who claim to exercise their own judgment, and who combine for particular measures, while free from party allegiance. To them and their like the future belongs. In all countries, though subject as America to tidal waves of feeling, the strict divisions of the past are breaking down. Groups emerge, relations grow more and more inconstant, party government is everywhere a failure. By what means a state of things which is really chaos may be brought to order, furnishes at once the problem and the opportunity of wise politicians. If M. Ostrogorski has not solved the problem, he has at all events seized the opportunity. He predicts what some may think revolution; but his reliance is on elements and forces already existing which, of late years, have shown their power. To speak within bounds, his volumes are the most important accession to political science that we have come upon since Mr. Bryce dealt with American institutions. A popular abridgment, compact, clear, and readable, would not lessen the sale of the library edition; it would do much to educate the public, embarrassed by these new phenomena of which Lord Rosebery, with his allotropic forms, is so speaking an instance; while, in reducing the party system to proper dimensions, it would suggest a safeguard against the ever-growing perils of democracy.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MEREJKOWSKI ON TOLSTOY.*

Every fresh book on Tolstoy is a gain, because however inadequate a critical study on him may, nay, must be, Tolstoy's colossal life work is seen and felt afresh behind each critic's conclusions, much as a great mountain is seen looming up behind the driving mists. Merejkowski's book is decidedly interesting, none the less because there is a personal note of jealousy in it which the author has not been able to conceal. Merejkowski, himself a Russian, is best known to the English reader by his novel "The Death of the Gods," a study of the life of Julian the Apostate, which reveals the author as a clever scene painter of picturesque historical drama, with but little original temperament, and no special creative insight. Merejkowski is a learned and clever man, but the English critics who have hailed him "as a worthy successor to Tolstoy and Dostoievski" might as well affirm that Alma Tadema is a worthy successor to Rembrandt. Merejkowski decidedly has talent, but he is not a creative genius, not a creator. In "Tolstoi as Man and Artist," Merejkowski now comes before us as a critic and man of culture, who has been not a little influenced by Nietzsche, and has a semi-Nietzscheian theory of Pagan *v.* Christian art. The first half of the book, dealing with Tolstoy the man, reads like the work of a dilettante who, jealous that Tolstoy's fame should overshadow all his contemporaries, is trying to say all that he can to belittle it; but in the second half of the book the author seems to become conscious that he has gone too far, and he tries to establish firmly his critical argument and free it in a measure from the clouds of his personal feeling. In the picture of "Tolstoy as Man," Merejkowski rather cleverly dwells on various inconsistencies in Tolstoy's character and conduct, and seeks to throw ridicule on him for living in a comfortable home while he is preaching "self-denial" and "asceticism" to the world, but Merejkowski's tone is so spiteful as to betray malice. In his lecture to Tolstoy teaching the great man how to live, Merejkowski becomes at times both a little offensive and a little ridiculous:—

"Does the worm gnaw at his heart? Is he pursued and harassed by the consciousness that he has not done the bidding of Christ, that, while the body is gratified the soul is mortally troubled?" (page 66). "Is it not dreadful that even this man, who has utterly thirsted for truth, who has so remorsefully found fault with himself and others, should have admitted such a crying deception to soul and conscience—such a monstrous anomaly? Despite all appearances, the smallest and the strongest of the devils, the latter-day Devil of Property, of Philistine self-content and neutral pettiness, has won in this man his last and greatest victory" (p. 80). "Will he at last realise that here there is nothing high nor low, that paths diverse, yet equally true, lead to one and the same goal; that in reality all paths are one; that it is not against and not away from things earthly, but only through things earthly that we attain the more than earthly, not in conflict with, or divested of, but only through the bodily that we attain the spiritual" (p. 95). "His illness is shown by a gradually-increasing silence, callousness, decline, ossification and petrification of the heart, once the warmest of human hearts. It is because his ailment is inward, because he himself is scarcely conscious of it, that it is more grievous than the malady of Dostoievski or the madness of Nietzsche. . . And Tolstoy, too, has deserted us" (p. 272), etc., etc., etc.

In like vein Tolstoy is gravely reproved because his wife puts a sachet of scent among his linen; because he sleeps tranquilly on a "ventilated leather bolster"; because the "thin mutton broth which he loves is scarcely less tasty than the most expensive and complicated soups"; because he jumped over a hedge to get away from a peasant who begged for a foal, etc., etc. That Tolstoy has sacrificed the spirit within him for the sake of worldly ease, and that the spirituality of his teaching is invalidated by the fact that he "loves" thin mutton broth, and is particular about his gaiters, this assertion may please petty-minded people who judge great men by themselves, but it is given the lie by the whole meaning and effort of Tolstoy's life. Leaving, then, "Tolstoy as Man," an attack which recoils on its author's head, let us turn to the critical argument in Merejkowski's book.

The critical argument is original, but very paradoxical. Tolstoy, in Merejkowski's eyes, is the great Pagan representing the preponderance of the flesh over the spirit, while Dostoievski, as the great Christian, represents the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh. Tolstoy, our author argues, is unequalled in depicting the human body, the greatest analyst, known in literature, of bodily sensations. "His sensual experience is inexhaustible, as if he had lived hundreds of lives in various shapes of men and animals." "He fathoms the unusual sensation of her bared body to a young girl, before going to her first ball; he understands the sensations of a nursing mother "who has yet not severed the mysterious connection of her body with that of her child"; he knows "the feelings of a woman old and worn out with child bearing, who shudders as she remembers the pain of her quivering breasts"; and lastly, the sensations and thoughts of animals, as in the case of Levin's sporting dog, and the whole range of the consciousness of man's animal nature possessed by war, sport, love, work, etc.; all this it is Tolstoy's triumph to have explored. "Tolstoi is the greatest depicter of this physico-spiritual region in the natural man; that side of the flesh which approaches the spirit, and that side of the spirit which approaches the flesh, the mysterious border-region where the struggle between the animal and the God in man takes place. Therein lies the struggle and the tragedy of his own life. He is a 'man of the senses,' half-heathen, half-Christian; neither to the full." But if he essays the opposite region: "human spirituality, almost set free from the body, released from animal nature, the region of pure thought (the passionate workings of which are so well embodied by Dostoievski and Tiutchev)," the power of artistic delimitation in Tolstoy "decreases and collapses." "But within the limits of the purely natural man, he is the supreme artist of the world." When Tolstoy, however, abandons the life of the body, for the life of the soul, says Merejkowski, "we get a crystallised, lifeless abstraction, a moral and religious vehicle for a moral and religious deduction. Thus Nekliudov, the hero of "Resurrection," is "a dreary megaphone, through which the 'gentleman author' behind proclaims his theorems to the moral universe." Dostoievski, on the other hand, "has an accumulating superfluity of vitality, a carrying over to the utmost limit of the refinement, acuteness, and concentration of spirituality." "To Dostoievski the revealing light comes from within." All his life he sought out what was most difficult, disastrous, hard, and terrible, as if he felt suffering necessary to the full growth of his powers. In Siberia he wrote to his brother, "This is my cross, and I have deserved it." "The fire of love penetrating and purifying Dostoiev-

* "Tolstoi as Man and Artist." With an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. 6s. net. (Constable and Co.)

ski glows even in his most commonplace acts." Dostoievski is "superior in tragedy" to Tolstoy, superior in "his characters' conversation," in their "mental life." Finally, Merejkowski argues that the two great Russian writers represent two halves of the Russian soul, two diverse sides of the Russian nature, each incomplete without the other:—

"Tolstoi and Dostoievski are the two great columns, standing apart in the propylaeum of the temple—parts facing each other, set over and against each other in the edifice, incomplete and still obscured by scaffolding, that temple of Russian religion which will be, I believe, the future religion of the whole world" (p. 121).

That there is a great deal of very able criticism and many brilliant observations in Merejkowski's analysis of Tolstoy's art, no critic of intelligence would wish to deny. There is, in fact, much penetration shown throughout, and some illuminating pages (as pp. 184, 188, 203, 205, 207, 208, 211, 231, 245, 249, 250, 251), which more than counterbalance some bad pages (such as 154, 208, 222, 226, 228, 230, 271, 297, etc.), where Merejkowski either draws unfair comparisons, or is borrowing from Nietzsche wholesale, and gets out of his depth. It is not our author's insight that is at fault, not the threads of his criticism, but the fabric that he weaves out of them. His main conclusion—that Tolstoy is the great Pagan, that he fails in depicting "the life of the soul," that it is only within the limits of the purely natural man "he is a supreme artist," is little but a great paradox. For what is "the natural man"? And who are the "Christian" artists? To conclude that Dostoievski is more "spiritual" than Tolstoy, because the latter deals with our actual bodily sensations, whereas the former dwells chiefly in the rich world of his own hallucinations, is an absurdity. And what does "pagan" mean in the connection? If the antithesis between "pagan" and "Christian" can hold good, then Plato and Sophocles are far more Christian, in the sense of representing the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh, than nineteen out of twenty Christian writers. If, on the other hand, a perfect equipoise between the body and the spirit is the mark of the great pagan writers, then Turgenev is a great pagan. But Turgenev's work is far more "spiritual" than Dostoievski's work, and yet the latter is held up as being predominantly spiritual! The fact is that Merejkowski's argument, though ingenious and presenting strongly interesting half-truths, rests on a very partial interpretation of the word "spiritual." A great writer may indeed, as Tolstoy does, in analysing human life, show us the preponderance of the body over the spirit, but he may be far more deeply "spiritual" in his attitude to life than the writers who show us the preponderance of the spirit over the body. It is not by shutting off from us, by avoiding, or by being incapable of understanding, the world of man's animalism, that a writer proves his spirituality. Tolstoy's very penetration into life springs chiefly from his moral dissatisfaction with it. We cannot, therefore, see in Merejkowski's thesis anything beyond a convenient platform which serves his purpose of showing some of Tolstoy's artistic defects, and of exalting Dostoievski. "As a matter of fact," says the author, "I only wished to pull back and fairly adjust the rope, too far strained by the popular Christianity of Tolstoy and of Europe to-day." "I own from the first chapter of my inquiry the reader has cause to suspect me of a prejudice against Tolstoy, and in favour of his contemporary." The attempt is an interesting one, and though the impression that remains after finishing the book is as though some clever sculptor had been trying his chisel on the face of some great antique bas-relief, and had found the marble uncommonly hard, and the proportions impossible to alter, still we are not sorry Merejkowski should have attempted it, if for his remarks on Dostoievski alone.

We must thank the unknown translator and editor of the English version, who, no doubt through modesty, have not let their names appear. There are a few slips in the few notes given.

EDWARD GARNETT.

A BOOK WHICH NEEDED A PREFACE.*

To be duped once more by a title-page—and an alliterative title, too—it is a shameful confession. Observing that there was a chapter for each month, and finding that a few glances between the leaves reflected certain congenial loves and hates, I too eagerly inferred that here was a philosopher—perchance one of the flock of Montaigne—who, instead of dissipating his venom in journalism, stored it up carefully, jotting down month by month his reflections on the news of the day, and at last was suddenly minded to let the world know what he had been thinking of its fine doings. Alas! no such golden key, but rather, methinks, a sorry one of base iron, unlocks the mystery or mystification of this book. Below you will see the title-page copied out in full. Beyond this not one syllable is vouchsafed to explain the genesis of the work; no preface, no note, no covert allusion in the text. It is therefore not my fault if I have had to draw my own conclusions.

The title-page appears to me to coruscate with errors. The author is not an Annalist at all, but an ordinary journalist and critic. However, "Annalist" may be only a misprint for "Analyst." The work is not a "Record of 1900 and 1901," save in so far as it records what articles Annalist wrote each month. His Annals are the Annals of his own literary activity. The chapters are not "Musings" in any sense whatever. They are simply articles and reviews of the usual type; if anything unusually sharp, incisive, alert and practical—not in the least meditative or dreamy. That they were written for some periodicals I have no doubt, and those who read periodicals will know better than I whether and where they appeared. Finally, they are by no means "without Method." Indeed their method, highly ingenious and artful, is their most curious feature. It is thus. The little Table of Contents of each month's meditation is concocted of from eight to eighteen distinct items, apparently of equal importance, cleverly arranged and worded to give the air of a round-about essay. In reality there are rarely more or less than two, for the simple reason that almost every "Musing" is a reprint of two distinct articles. "Annalist" seems to have contributed most months at least two political, social, or literary articles. Now and then he only uses one here, and sometimes perhaps three or more. Had I space, it would be amusing to analyse a few of these artful tables of contents, especially the fine air of detachment which masks the reviews of books. To take just one instance: December, 1900. The first half is an article on Pro-Boerishness, and the Contents then go on airily: "The last days of Napoleon. The Jacobin point of view. In defence of Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon's table-talk. The Emperor's theology." All which is simply a neat little article on Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: The Last Phase." It is hard to guess why this excellent journalist does not reprint his articles avowedly as such, and mark the passage from one to another, instead of trying to disguise it by pretending to "muse without method." His transitions are sometimes rather crude. Thus in the case just cited he takes the leap boldly: "It is pleasant, indeed, to turn from . . . . to the career of a hero . . . . who would have made short shift" of Nefandus. Sometimes he prepares his modulation more elaborately. After all, it is an ancient artifice, and not difficult. If you have to glide from Shakespeare to the Musical Glasses, you have only to weave in somehow the "glass of fashion" from "Hamlet," and the Musing Muse will presently start of herself: "Little did the bard foresee that a 'glass of fashion' still more fashionable would," etc. But enough has now been said to show how grievously this book suffers for want of a Preface.

Its literary merit is very considerable. "Annalist" says well what he has to say, and when he is called on to merely echo conventional sentiments (*e.g.*, on the Queen's death, Mafeking rejoicings, Anarchist crime, etc.) he at least does so with dignity. Clearness and maturity of judgment mark the literary studies, especially that on Gibbon's Autobiography, and the welcome defence of Hazlitt. But social and political topics occupy most of "Annalist's" pages, so criticism must be reticent. His views will offend many, perhaps most. I can only say that, right or wrong, they do not offend me, because for the most part I share them. He is not only a Tory—which says little—but a stalwart Illiberal. He denounces journalism, though now and then he betrays its contamination. On many points his policy is not "thorough" enough for me. Thus he condescends to irony instead of scorn in castigating the best selling male and female novelists of the day. He would shut up all the would-be Anarchist assassins out of harm's way; this is at least better than shaking our heads at them, but hardly a radical cure. On the dispute about retaining Greek in the two old Universities he seems to go farthest, and his language

* "Musings without Method." A Record of 1900 and 1901. By Annalist. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

becomes almost truculent. Yet even here he might have dug deeper down, and insisted that Cambridge and Oxford, like the House of Lords, are "peculiar institutions"—to use an Americanism. Once reformed or destroyed, they can never be restored. The ideal of the new Universities which are springing up everywhere is excellent. To them should men go to be taught all the 'ologies. The true office of the old colleges should be to elevate the dangerous classes—that is, to teach the young barbarians of rank or wealth how to think and how to behave themselves. For this the useless Classics and Mathematics are invaluable, because they are so useless. However, it is too late now. The reformed Universities are only big, pushing proprietary schools, competing and advertising for pupils. Y. Y.

Novel Notes.

THE RACK OF THIS ROUGH WORLD. By Agnes Giberne. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

One takes up a novel by a new writer, in these days when new writers are so plentiful, with a certain trepidation—it may prove to be either a good book or a bad one; more often it turns out to be merely indifferent. But the name of so old and tried a favourite as Miss Agnes Giberne carries its own guarantee with it, and this latest novel of hers amply justifies our confidence. It is a pleasant and cleverly constructed story; before we have gone any farther than the second chapter we step into the middle of a mystery, and are never allowed to see our way out of it until the end is in sight. The characters are very ably depicted, especially the selfish, despicable Captain Russell, whose gambling mania involves his family in poverty and shame, and who leaves an innocent man to suffer for his greatest sin. His wife, Mrs. Russell, her brother, Edmund Percival, the three girls, Maisie, and Vere, and Joyce; Tom Nugent, the literary Mr. Halifax, and the admirable Major Tempest, all are carefully and understandingly drawn and individualised. It is a book that may be warmly commended, perfectly healthy in tone, but full of action and incident, and interesting throughout.

THE KING'S AGENT. By Arthur Paterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a capital romance of the days of the first Duke of Marlborough—the great Duke himself moving through its pages in a leading part. The hero, Hugh Montgomery, is a frank, fearless, honest young gentleman, who has served under Marlborough and is enough of a hero-worshipper to believe implicitly in the honour of his illustrious chief and to stand by him, at all risks, when, under William III., he has fallen into temporary disgrace. He finds an enemy in Karl Brownker, the King's agent, who, for rather too little reason, resolves to provoke him to a duel, and does so implacably; why it is he then refrains from killing Hugh, and presently conceives a strange friendship for him that is prodigal of results, are matters it will well repay you to read the book to find out. Hugh's first meeting with Mistress Isabel is perhaps too unnecessarily violent a coincidence and somewhat conventional, but when one has said this one has nothing else to write but commendation. The characters are cleverly drawn, the plot is cunningly contrived, and the whole story goes with a run, and never once slows down until it reaches the last full stop.

THE RELATIONS, AND WHAT THEY RELATED. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins). 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In her latest volume Mrs. Reynolds puts a capital new wine into an old bottle; that is, she gives us some delightfully fresh short stories, resorting to a well-worn expedient to connect them in series. In the prologue, Stanley Rivers, a minor poet, is starting by rail to Holycleugh, when a pleasant young lady, travelling to the same place, gets into his carriage. They make acquaintance, and prove to be distantly related, which is nothing of a coincidence, for in the train, going with them to Holycleugh, are some dozen others, all more or less distantly related to Mr. Noah Titherleigh Hobson, an eccentric, wealthy old gentleman, who has been hunting up the members of his family, and has invited them all to come by this particular train and visit him at his lonely country house, as he wants to know them and arrange to share his property among them. These relatives comprise a hosier's wife, a young matron, a consulting physician, and a Radical baronet who is an M.P. (and who, because he is a Radical, must, as Mrs. Reynolds assumes, in the ordinary course of nature have vulgar manners and dirty finger nails). Cousin Noah being suddenly called away on business before they arrive, they pass the days of waiting for his return by taking it in turn to tell these stories to each other. Most of the stories are thrillingly sensational; into many of them enters a weird, creepy, supernatural element; and all of them are extremely well written and absorbingly interesting.

A LADY'S HONOUR. By Bass Blake. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

It was an audacious idea to capture new writers who have had no chance to repeat themselves, and the "First Novel Library" has certainly justified this audacity by its singular freshness. Bass Blake, who is well worthy of his place in this gallery, has written a dashing and picturesque tale of Marlborough's wars. The hero is not too heroic, he performs no astounding feats of swordsmanship, he is not preternaturally intelligent. In short, he behaves as a sane and plucky young Englishman, which is more than the hero of a sword and cloak romance generally does. "A Lady's Honour" is full of honest and vigorous writing, quite free from affectations or mannerisms.

A ROMANCE OF THE TUILERIES. By Francis Gribble. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Gribble gives us in "A Romance of the Tuileries," a pleasing version of the familiar story of a marriage of convenience, in which love comes nearly, but not quite, too late. It is not an easy task to secure the reader's sympathy for both parties to a marriage of this kind, but Mr. Gribble has been entirely successful. Very subtle and delicate is his analysis of the feelings of the young girl as she sees the negotiations going on for her marriage. It is a most able study of the change from girlhood to womanhood, with a half-cynical but kind-hearted countess to play the part of chorus. The period is the reign of Louis Philippe, a period which has escaped most novelists, excellent use being made of the riots at Louis Philippe's fall. Add to all this a poet who plays in dashing style the ungrateful *rôle* of the *tertium quid*, and no one could want better material for a stirring romance.

THE DREAM AND THE MAN. By L. B. Reynolds. 2s. 6d. (Murray.)

There is generally something unconvincing about the introduction of the supernatural into novels of modern life. Those who regard the novel as the reflections of a skilled observer of men and women, resent the introduction of anything so far outside their own experience. The spiritualist, on the other hand, clamours for authentic cases, to confirm his own faith and to confute the sceptic. Mrs. Reynolds claims that her story is founded on fact; but unfortunately this does not make it any more convincing. The atmosphere of the book does not prepare us for the abnormal; there is none of that suggestion of the supernatural which marks Hawthorne's treatment of similar subjects. This is a pity, for the story is pleasantly written otherwise, and the opening is well contrived and very effective. But when all is said, Mrs. Reynolds is not a Kipling, and only a Kipling could write another "Brushwood Boy."

MARIELLA OF OUT WEST. By Ella Higginson. 6s. (Macmillan).

A striking feature of American fiction is the excellence of its pictures of country life. The stories have a freshness and reality which contrast strongly with the crude American historical novel, and the still cruder novels of "society." After all, the real American is the American of the village and the township, not the hybrid product of the big cities. This naturally suggests James Lane Allen; but fine as his work is, he is far from standing alone. There are not a few who come very near to him without being in the least degree imitators of his work. We confess to never having heard of Miss Ella Higginson before; yet here is a book which shows real grasp of character, combined with the faculty of selecting always the right detail. "Mariella" is the story of a sensitive and clever girl, brought up in uncongenial surroundings, out of place and misunderstood by almost everyone. She is brought into contact with two strong and well contrasted characters. This triangular theme, two men and a girl, is old enough, but the treatment here is novel and convincing. The interaction

of the three characters is admirably worked out. But the best part of the book is the background. The picture of village life "Out West," is sympathetic, vivid, and humorous. Miss Higginson has a distinct style of her own, and a quick eye for the lighter side of life. The vernacular in which these villagers talk is full of quaint and grotesque turns of phrase. Certainly we have read nothing better of its kind this year than "Mariella of Out West."

THE FOUNDING OF FORTUNES. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Methuen.)

It would be too much to say that this is the best work Miss Barlow has done, for it is in shorter sketches she shows her most distinguished power; but it is certainly the best of her longer stories. To some extent it is a sequel to "Kerrigan's Quality," that is, our old friends Sir Ben O'Neill and Kerrigan reappear in the character of land reformers on a small scale, and as social experimenters, scandalising their genteel neighbours and quietly benefiting their poor ones. But the most prominent personage in the book is the rascal millionaire, Timothy Vittie, whose career from its humble origin to its fashionable climax is described with great vivacity. Miss Barlow never gives us unmixed satire, and side by side with Vittie's story runs that of his mother, whose inconvenient memory, in prosperity, of their lowly past is not only a thorn in the side of her ambitious son, but has also a tragic pathos of its own. We are not quite sure whether Ulick Hanmer or Bernard Conroy is to be looked on as the hero of the book. Both interest us in a quiet way, but neither is quite fit for the position; and, indeed, Bernard might have begun his cloistered life much earlier without detriment to the story. The story, however, does not depend on them for its interest, but rather on its varied, crowded, lively pictures of Irish life of all degrees, instinct with that wide love of human nature which gives to all Miss Barlow writes a mellow charm.

THE CONCESSION HUNTERS. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Chatto.)

Among the many commercial novels of the day, the adventure stories in which the struggling for fortune, the hazards of speculation and trusts, take the place of the duels and sieges of the past, Mr. Bindloss's merits a distinguished place. There is something more than mere adventure in it: there is a drama of character. It is written vigorously, too, for the most part. Only now and then do we find the writer succumbing to the temptations of a cheap smart style, as when he makes one of his heroines say, "I believe in the daring veracity which puts his Satanic Majesty to shame."

FROM BEHIND THE ARRAS. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. 6s. (Unwin.)

This is the fourth contribution to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel" library, and it loses nothing by comparison with the best of its predecessors. It opens picturesquely and dramatically with a child building bricks on the floor, a dying man possessed of a miniature he is anxious to convey to the King, and a priest standing in sinister fashion by his bedside. When the priest has withdrawn to a hooded chair, Cyprien d'Aiguillon enters through a secret door in the arras, murders the dying man, and takes the miniature from under his pillow, watched in silence by the unseen priest and the bewildered child. From this point the child, Alaine, tells the story; she is brought up in a convent, and goes to live at length with an eccentric aunt, and the priest and the murderer and the miniature come back into her life; and before she obtains the miniature and learns the truth of it she is near to paying toll for it with her life, as her father had done. The whole romance, which is placed in France of the early part of the eighteenth century, has the charm of freshness. Alaine makes delightful betrayal of her own wilful, whimsical character, and the course of her loves, for she has two lovers, comes to an end that is most unexpected. Mrs. de Crespigny may be congratulated on an excellent first novel, and Mr. Unwin on his discernment in publishing it.

GLENGARRY DAYS. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

If it is more difficult to portray the characters of boys than of men, it is not because boys have less individuality; perhaps it is because most of us forget our boyhood, and growing beyond remembrance of what we were, get thus beyond understanding boy-nature with any intimacy. This is not the case, however, with Mr. Ralph Connor. In his "Glengarry Days" he gives us a wonderfully real presentment of school life in Canada, his story centring round a certain "Twentieth" school, a primitive building "of logs hewn on two sides," whose cracks were filled with plaster. His boys are depicted with subtle knowledge and insight; the character of Hughie Murray is as sharply differentiated from that of "Foxy" Ross, as Thomas Finch's, or Ronald Macdonald's, is from either of them. Of the girls, Betsy Dan is sketched cleverly and with humour, and Margaret Finch makes a very winsome and charming figure. The whole life of the school unrolls before us, with its friendships, rivalries, enmities; we have vivid glimpses of the home lives of some of the scholars, and over many of them, over John Craven the schoolmaster in particular, and through all the story, plays the saintly influence of one of the sweetest of women. It is a live book, and will be read with equal interest both by young and old.

LESLIE FARQUHAR. By Rosaline Masson. 6s. (John Murray.)

It is a pleasure to take up such a careful and finished work as "Leslie Farquhar." Rarely is there such an utter absence of affectation, straining after effect, or crudities of style. There is a thoroughness of workmanship about "Leslie Farquhar," which marks it off from the ordinary run of novels, as the work of one who enjoys writing for its own sake. Leslie is a motherless girl, brought up by her father in a lonely country seat near Oban. During all her girlhood she has been removed from feminine influence, growing up almost entirely out of doors, and living the life of a boy rather than of a girl. Miss Masson's picture of this lonely household, with the father drifting further and further from civilisation, is admirable in every detail. Very delicate, too, is the study of the dreamy poet, Malise Ogilvy, with his touching care for his capricious invalid step-mother. Only—and it is our one complaint—why did not Miss Masson let Malise marry Leslie? Why disappoint us by this most tantalising ending? It is cruel to the reader and unjust to Malise, whose conduct is rendered inexplicable. With this deduction, Miss Masson's work is charming. She brings to bear on her work love of the country, sympathetic insight, and a rare keenness of observation. Decidedly "Leslie Farquhar" is a book to be read.

THE TWO VANREVELS. By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Richards.)

Mr. Booth Tarkington's novels are imported from America—and are worth importing; which is more than can be conscientiously said of much of the fiction that in these days comes to us from across the Atlantic in great plenty. "The Two Vanrevels" is a romance of a small town, a trading post, in the Ohio Valley, of the early part of last century, and, slight as it is, the book is written with such a subtle attention to the general characteristics of the period that you cannot go far into it before you are breathing naturally the fitting old-world atmosphere of the time and place. As for the story itself, it is one of the daintiest of love idylls, fluctuating always between humour and pathos, and rising to a note of tragedy a little before an ending that is, in its kind, perfect. Seven illustrations by Henry Hutt add to the charm of a very charming and well-written novel.

THE LAST BUCCANEER. By L. Cope Cornford. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The amateur or "gentleman-pirate" is a well-known figure in fiction. There is a regular etiquette in piracy of this kind. The paper with directions for finding the buried treasure is always produced in the first chapter by a drunken and ferocious sailor, preferably one-eyed, or otherwise hall-marked. The correct type of craft is immediately fitted out and manned by a crew of cut-throats. who make a point of mutinying in the middle of the book. Then, when the treasure has changed hands often enough, all who remain alive lapse back into prosperous respectability. Mr. Cornford clearly knows the rules of the game, but he has had the temerity to attempt several innovations. The idea of the conscientious supercargo, who turns pirate on his own account in order to make good his owners' losses, is novel and pleasing. There is a fine paradoxical flavour about this pirate with a tender conscience. Another novelty is the heroine, who is in the same line of business. Altogether, Mr. Cornford has written a rattling story, an excellent blend of orthodox and new materials.

The Bookman's Table.

TWELVE PORTRAITS. By William Nicholson. Second Series. (Heinemann.)

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, the Kaiser, Pope Leo XIII., President Roosevelt, Eleanor Duse, Li Hung Chang, Lord Kitchener, Joseph Chamberlain, Thomas Edison, Sada Yucco, Mark Twain, and Henrik Ibsen, are the twelve notabilities in this big, green portfolio, and we are fain to admit that we find even more pleasure and detect more power in these realities than we did in the former portfolio of imaginary persons—heroes and heroines of fiction. Of this dozen, Queen Alexandra, perhaps, does not strike us as being so successful and characteristic as the others, although, at the same time, the masterly management of the masses of black is cleverness itself. In the other portraits, however, both face and attitude are so skilfully impressed by the sparingly used lines that the complete effect is triumph. Mr. Nicholson's work in actual eyes and mouths is a source of ever fresh delight, but perhaps even more satisfying than this are the cheek-lines which may be said to suggest the mouth, and command the expression. The portfolio as a whole is a double example of power in portraiture and originality in effect; and framed as the artist suggests, without extra mount, would form a gallery of interesting personages, dignified in itself, entirely free from caricature, and valuable as an exhibition of high talent.

IN PURSUIT OF THE "MAD MULLAH." By Captain McNeill, D.S.O. 6s. (Pearson.)

This volume appears at a most opportune moment, in view of the military operations now pending against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland. The Mullah, it may be observed, is by no means mad, but very much all there; and the combination of religious charlatanism and military genius which so distinguishes him has led to our recent mishaps on the Red Sea Littoral. The author served in the 1901 expedition, which resulted in a severe though temporary check being inflicted on the false prophet, and his narrative gives us a very good idea of what fighting means in the Somali country. In the intervals of warfare Captain McNeill hunted lions and other beasts, and his experiences as detailed in these pages should prove of the greatest interest to those who may desire to emulate his prowess when the present hostilities have blown over. Especially interesting are the author's criticisms of the Somali as a soldier. In his opinion, the excessive excitability, which is so deeply rooted in the Somali's nature, is such as to preclude the likelihood of his ever being able to take his place alongside Regular troops, though as a guerilla fighter and scout he is not without merit. Captain McNeill tells us he would be very sorry to be in a really tight place with Somalis only, and recent events have shown how well this censure is deserved. This, in conclusion, is a most interesting book on a remarkable but practically unknown country and its people.

WITH GENERAL FRENCH AND THE CAVALRY IN SOUTH AFRICA. By C. S. Goldmann. 15s. (Macmillan.)

One of the most striking results of the late war from the military point of view has been the complete change which has taken place in the *rôle* assigned to the cavalrymen on the field of battle. The day of charging squadrons has disappeared with the advent of the modern magazine rifle, and the lancer or hussar will no longer play the same brilliant and picturesque part in the battles of the future as in those of the past. The volume under review might well be termed the "genesis of the twentieth century cavalryman." To General French belongs the credit of having transformed the British soldier from a medieval man at arms into a skilled mounted infantryman, who has discarded the lance and the sabre for the rifle and the bayonet, and has learned all that there is to be known about scouting and reconnaissance work. In some ways this is a model military history. The great strategic movements, planned by Lord Roberts, which preceded the relief of Kimberley and the occupation of Bloemfontein, and in which the cavalry division played a leading part, are minutely but graphically described. The plans accompanying the text are admirable in their clearness, and the book is further profusely illustrated with a series of excellent snapshot photos, which alone would make it of great interest. The author deserves great praise for the thorough and careful manner in which he has carried out his self-appointed task, and is to be congratulated on having produced a work which will be indispensable to cavalry tacticians of all nations.

THE CALLED OF GOD. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Edited by Prof. J. A. Paterson, D.D. With Biographical Introduction by A. Taylor Innes. 6s. (T. and T. Clark.)

It was not as a preacher that the late Professor Davidson earned his world-wide reputation, but as a scholar and teacher. But, as he himself used to say that every Professor's chair should be a pulpit, no one who had any knowledge of him will be surprised to learn that many of his lectures were aglow with inspiration and eloquence, or that when called to preach, as he frequently was, he could always command an audience of the most keenly intelligent and appreciative kind. In the volume now given to the public are some of the sermons which were most highly prized by his admirers, and if they suffer considerably from the absence of the striking and pathetic presence of the preacher, they still afford ample material for the appreciation of his power. They are all analyses of character, with remarks upon the moral and religious affinities and destinies of the various persons who lie under his inspection. And they all contain impressive ideas. The introductory sketch by his friend, Mr. Taylor Innes, is just what it ought to be. It is not too long. There was little to tell of the outward life of one who became Professor almost as soon as he left College, and continued in the same Chair till his death. His mental equipment and his singular individuality are sketched in firm and distinct lines, and with consummate taste and skill. The "biographical introduction" adds greatly to the value of a volume which will be prized not merely by Dr. Davidson's old students, but by many who did not enjoy the acquaintance of one of the most characteristic, profound, and inspiring of Scottish scholars and theologians.

THE PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND IN THE CENTURY. By R. F. Irvine and O. T. J. Alpers. 5s. (Chambers.)

New Zealand is in some respects much the most interesting of our colonies, and this volume of the "19th Century Series," giving a concise account of its history and of its political characteristics at the present day, will be found to supply a long-felt want. The chapters dealing with the social legislation of the colony are worthy of the attention of all serious students of political science. New Zealand has been called the political laboratory of the world, and there can be no doubt that a great deal of pioneer work has been done for the cause of democracy by its statesmen and legislators. The joint authors are to be congratulated on having produced a handy and clearly written compendium, which should be of considerable value to politicians and debaters.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Edward Hutton. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

These studies are disinctly personal impressions. To a very slight degree are they biographical, for Mr. Hutton has taken no pains to pile up facts about his holy heroes and heroines, but has been content to trace the merest outlines of their careers. This limitation of purpose should be kept in mind: else we might now and then suspect his candour. For with all his devoutness, he is not wanting in a modern critical spirit. The saints sometimes puzzle him, baffle him, shock him, and he says so, with modesty, and in all humility, just often enough to make us expect a more searching light on them than he ever throws. Then at the end we realise, or we should do so, that the studies aim at recording merely impressions of certain aspects of the saints. So ought we to regard and be satisfied with the study of St. Dominic, for instance. For the most part they are exercises in contemplation, in devotion, very genuine in feeling, beautiful in expression in spite of an occasional affectation in phrasing. But here and there he pauses to consider them, not as individuals, but as a band, joined by one or two common features —"terrible as an army with banners"; and it is then he is most interesting. It is then he stops the probable sentimentalism of the reader with a glimpse of the relentlessness, the renunciation of all sweetness and beauty as we of the world understand them, which belong to the realities of

mysticism. It is then that he is most candid, daring to wonder more than to love. "Is then the way to heaven so sharp?" he asks. "Ah, he who is so anxious for death, and makes his war on the body with so little relenting, has perhaps won to quite another heaven than that in which the Prince of Life is King."

THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE. By H. H. L. Bellot, M.A., B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law. 6s. (Methuen.)

Of all the historical buildings in London, few are so interesting and yet so rarely visited as the Temple. On passing from Fleet Street down Middle Temple Lane we at once exchange the roar and bustle of the city for the quiet and seclusion of a mediæval monastery. No other spot in the country is more reminiscent of great names in law, history, and literature, or can boast of greater attractions for the antiquarian and the archæologist. It is greatly to be regretted that one of the principal show places in London should be abandoned to the enterprising tourist from the other side of the Atlantic, and should be practically *terra incognita* to the many thousands who daily stream past its gates. This may be due either to ignorance of its associations, or perhaps to a vague dread lest the long arm of the law should seize the stranger who rashly invades its sanctuary. We would recommend all those who have not yet penetrated into the dusty purlieus of the law to do so at the earliest opportunity, and then to purchase Mr. Bellot's book, which they will find a veritable storehouse of antiquarian lore, and of the forensic gossip of the past and present.

ERROMANGA, THE MARTYR ISLE. By the Rev. H. A. Robertson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Robertson's fascinating narrative will be found to be the complement of Dr. Paton's "Autobiography," the two volumes together constituting an exhaustive history of Christian Missions in the New Hebrides. It was on the island of Erromanga that John Williams and the Gordons laid down their lives for the Cross, and no spot in the Southern Seas is more sacred to the memory of the martyrs for the cause. The Erromangans appear to be an extremely interesting people, though they are low down in the scale of civilisation. The improvement effected by Christianity in their conditions of life is almost incredible, and shows what can be done by well-organised and wisely-directed missionary effort. The story Mr. Robertson has to tell is a thrilling one, and his book is certain to take its place right in the forefront of the literature of foreign missions.

THE STRUGGLE FOR PERSIA. By Donald Stuart. 6s. (Methuen.)

This little book is an attempt to rouse the British public to a due appreciation of the political situation in Persia. The author has travelled by the almost impassable route between Eastern Russia and Teheran, *via* Tabriz, and this volume is partly a narrative of his experiences, and partly a disquisition on the growth of Russian influence in Persia. Great Britain is at the present moment on the horns of a dilemma. Our influence in Persia, once paramount, is now almost gone, and Germany and Russia are eagerly pushing their way down towards the Persian Gulf. The difficulty is to decide whether Codlin or Short is the friend; in other words, whether we are to help Russia to keep out the Germans, or to support Germany in the hope of checkmating the Russians. The author favours the latter policy, on the ground that Russia is determined to exclude our trade from Persia, and is preparing to annex the country. In either case the situation is unpleasant, and one would have thought that it would have been most to our interest to keep both parties away from the Persian Gulf, playing them off one against the other. The presence of either of our rivals in the Gulf is bound to react injuriously on our commerce with the East, and will place a hostile fleet on the flank of our naval forces in the Indian Ocean. The policy of Russia is to prevent the development of railways in Persia for the present so as to hamper our communications with that country as much as possible. With this end in view a secret convention has been forced on the Shah, by which he has pledged himself to allow no railways to be constructed in Persia. Those who desire to understand the bearings of this question cannot do better than read Captain Stuart's book, which gives a very clear and concise account of the situation.

LORD STRATHCONA. By Beckles Willson. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Lord Strathcona's name has become a household word during the last few years. Even the most stay-at-home citizen, who cares but little for colonial affairs, has heard of Lord Strathcona through the brilliant services rendered during the Boer war by the incomparable regiment of light horse which bears his name. Few, however, are acquainted with the details of his striking and picturesque career. The future millionaire peer, Donald Smith as he then was, entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at the age of eighteen, and though possessing no influence, steadily worked his way up the ladder of promotion, until after thirty years' arduous service in an arctic wilderness he reached the position of chief executive officer of the company in America. His career was, however, only just beginning. The Red River rising gave him his chance, and the courage and resource which he displayed during this crisis procured for him his appointment as the first Chief Commissioner for the North-West provinces. His title to lasting fame rests, however, on the great work he accomplished in the building of Canada's national highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, an undertaking which, by the way, resulted in a severe pecuniary loss to him personally. We are told that the secret of Lord Strathcona's success lay in his invaluable knack of turning everything to account. As was said of him in his fur-trading days, "Donald Smith always showed a balance on the right side of the ledger." Although Mr. Willson perhaps devotes too much space to the Red River rebellion, which concerns the history of Canada rather than the life-story of Lord Strathcona, his biography is nevertheless extremely lucid and eminently readable. It is a record which should—to borrow the Duke of Argyll's words—"nerve every young man to effort, to work in honesty and hope, and to feel that he also may become a power affecting for good the destinies of peoples."

THE BLACK POLICE OF QUEENSLAND. By Edward B. Kennedy. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This is in the main an account of one of the most curious of all the armed forces of the Crown, the Queensland Native Mounted Police, a corps of Australian aborigines employed chiefly for the purposes of tracking and scouting. In addition to this, the volume contains the Colonial experiences of the author, which give one an excellent idea of life in the earliest period of the history of Queensland.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JANUARY, 1903.

XUM

The New Books of the Month.

NOVEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEAN, MARGARET.—Studies in Romans. (Baptist Tract and Book Society)

BOSELEY, REV. IRA.—Christ the Carpenter, 2s. 6d. (A. H. Stockwell)

BOYD-CARPENTER, RIGHT REV. W., D.D.—The Wisdom of James the Just, 5s. ..... (Isbister)

CAMERON, EVAN.—Christ versus Caste, 2s. 6d. (A. H. Stockwell)

Catechism of Christian Doctrine, 1d. ... (London Catholic Repository)

ELLIS, REV. J. J., M.A.—Through Christ to Life. The Baptist Pulpit Series, 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

FENTON, FERRAR.—The Bible in Modern English, Vol. III. The Books of the Prophets, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Partridge)

GRIFFITH JONES, E,, B.A.—The Master and His Method, 1s. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

HARTILL, REV. ISAAC.—The Ascension of Christ, 1s. (A. H. Stockwell)

Treats lucidly and in a direct manner of the whole subject of the Ascension and its results to believers. Admits it is second in importance to the Resurrection; but points out its own deep significance, its consolation and inspiration.

HURST, REV. G. L.—The Influence of The Cross, 1s. net. (A. H. Stockwell)

KING, JOHN M., D.D.—The Theology of Christ's Teaching. Introduction by Rev. James Orr, D.D., 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton)

PATERSON, REV. WILLIAM.—The Church of the New Testament, 3s. 6d. ..... (Allenson)

A somewhat hot defence of Presbyterianism. The volume is small, but it contains thirty-eight chapters, in which the author examines and searches the New Testament for facts which he presents to prove his case, and in which he also examines critically the works of writers who maintain opposite opinions. The arguments are clearly stated and marked by vehement sincerity.

RAINY, REV. ROBERT, D.D.—Sojourning with God, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

ROBARTS, FREDERICK HALL.—Sunday Morning Talks. Edited by his Sister, 3s. 6d..... (Baptist Tract and Book Society)

SCOTT, C. ANDERSON, M.A.—The Making of a Christian. A Guide to Personal Religion for Young People, 1s. 6d. (Allenson)

STALKER, REV. JAMES, D.D.—The Seven Cardinal Virtues, 1s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

WILBERFORCE, BASIL, D.D.—Feeling After Him. Sermons. 2nd Series, 5s. ..... (Elliot Stock)

WINNINGTON-INGRAM, ARTHUR F., D.D.—Twice Saved. A Sermon, 6d. ..... (Wells Gardner)

NEW EDITIONS.

HOOKER, RICHARD.—Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. Fifth Book. Prolegomena and Appendices by Ronald Bayne, M.A., 15s. net ..... (Macmillan)

RUSSELL, Rev. MATTHEW, S.J.—Communion Day, 2s. (Art and Book Co.)

FICTION.

"A Member of 'Paget's Horse'" and J. P. L.—The Life Impossible, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE.—The Splendid Idle Forties, 6s. (Macmillan)

Aucassin and Nicolette. A Translation in Prose and Verse from the Old French, together with Amabel and Amoris, given for the first time, by Lawrence Housman. Drawings by Paul Woodroffe. 5s. net ..... (John Murray)

Author of "Romance of a Harem."—The Woman of the Hill. Done into English by C. Forestier-Walker, 3s. 6d. ... (Greening)

BARNES, W. C.—Potiphar's Wife, 2s. 6d. net (Brown, Langham and Co.)

CONNOR, RALPH.—Glengarry Days, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

CONRAD, JOSEPH.—Youth: A Narrative; and Two Other Stories, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)

CORNFORD, L. COPE.—The Last Buccaneer, 6s. ... (Heinemann)

CRANE, LILLIE.—The Black and White House, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)

DAWSON, A. J.—Hidden Manna, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Where There's a Will, 6s....(Hutchinson)

Although Miss Everett-Green allows herself too easy a use of well-worn phrases, her books are always attractive. The first chapters of the present volume, which take a loving, ambitious, high-spirited girl from a large but poor family and place her in the midst of luxury, beauty, difficult tempers and duties, with the promise of heiress-ship af the end, lead on to a lively and far from placid story of the doings which follow when the heiress-ship is an accomplished fact. The book is pleasant and bright, and has a thoroughly wholesome tone about it.

FARJEON, B. L.—An Island Pearl, 6d. ..... (Hutchinson)

GIBERNE, AGNES.—The Rack of This Rough World, 6s. (Hutchinson)

GLYN, ELINOR.—Reflections of Ambroisine, 6s. ... (Duckworth)

HEWLETT, MAURICE.—Little Novels of Italy, 6s. (Macmillan)

BRETON, FREDERIC.—The Eccentric Lord Alverscroft, 6s. (Macqueen)

A morbid book about morbid people. It shows some power and occasional vigorous writing, but such hopeless pessimism is no excuse for calling it "a human story."

HIGGINSON, ELLA.—Mariella of Out-West, 6s. ... (Macmillan)

HOME, ALICE JANE.—My Prize Translation, 1s. 6d. (A. H. Stockwell)

KERSHAW, MIRIAM.—The Wise Woman of The Mill, 1s. net. (A. H. Stockwell)

LANG, ANDREW.—The Disentanglers; with Illustrations, 6s. (Longmans)

MACLAREN, IAN.—His Majesty Baby, and Some Common People, 3s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

MASSON, ROSALINE.—Leslie Farquhar, 6s. ..... (Murray)

MEADE, L. T.—A Double Revenge, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

MURPHY, NICHOLAS P.—Transplanted. Illustrated, 3s. 6d. (John Long)

PATERSON, ARTHUR.—The King's Agent, 6s. ... (Heinemann)

REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE (G. M. Robins).—The Relations and What They Related. With Illustrations, 6s. (Hutchinson)

SEXTON, ELLA M.—Stories of California, 4s. 6d. net (Macmillan)

SPEIGHT, T. W.—Two In One, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Fables. With Etchings by Ethel King Martyn, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

Many admirers of Stevenson will welcome in a separate volume the "Fables" which have hitherto been included in other volumes. In this delicate, yet workmanlike form, with the six etchings which are doubtless familiar to many since their exhibition last year, the book is one of real beauty. Miss King has caught the spirit of the teller of the fables; and her imagination has followed closely in the flight of his.

STREATFEILD, HENRIETTA S.—Out of the Dragon's Mouth, 1s. ..... (Church of England Temperance Society)

TARKINGTON, BOOTH.—The Two Vanrevels, 6s. (Grant Richards)

THOMAS, ANNIE.—The Cleevers of Cleever, 3s. 6d. ... (Treherne)

THORNE, GUY.—The Oven, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)

Even the most jaded readers of "thrilling" novels will experience fresh thrills as they read this gruesome story. We will only say that the actual scene is a quiet, cultured cathedral city, and that the core of the plot is horror; we advise that the outer cover be removed from the book before it is handed to the "thrillee," if we may manufacture the word for the moment. Note.—"Cannibalism" is one word which we cannot resist adding.

TURLEY, CHARLES.—Godfrey Martin, Schoolboy, 6s. (Heinemann)

WEBSTER, HENRY K.—Roger Drake, Captain of Industry, 6s. (Macmillan)

Those who read and were absorbed by "Calumet K" will do well to give respectful attention to "Roger Drake," which is a story fully as strong in its grip and as legitimately exciting in its skilful, detailed narrative of the fight for wealth, for love, for commercial supremacy, the knitting together and sundering of friendships, and the truth about life in mining districts. It is a story absolutely free from artificiality; also it bites, and at times can smite.

WOOD, TAIDY.—"Sir Bryce," 1s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

ZANGWILL, LOUIS.—One's Womankind, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

NEW EDITIONS.

ACKWORTH, JOHN.—The Minder, 3s. 6d. .....(Horace Marshall)

ALLEN, GRANT.—Miss Cayley's Adventures, 6d. ..... (Newnes)

AUSTEN, JANE.—Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion. Mansfield Park. 2 Vols. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 2s. net each. (Macmillan)

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE.—Jane Eyre. New Century Library. 2s. net ..... (Nelson)

DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—The Nabob. Translated by Henry Blanchamp. The Lotus Library. 2s. 6d. net ...(Greening)

FRANCE, ANATOLE.—Thaïs. Translated by Ernest Tristan. The Lotus Library. 2s. 6d. net. .....(Greening)

GREEN, A. K.—The Leavenworth Case, 6d.....(Ward, Lock)

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD C.—The Fighting Troubadour, 2s. (Ward, Lock)

HARDY, THOMAS.—Two on a Tower, 3s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! 2 vols. Temple Classic, 1s. 6d. net each vol. ..... (Dent)

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! New Century Library. 2s. net ..... (Nelson)

LYNCH, LAWRENCE L.—The Last Stroke, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—A Millionaire of Yesterday, 6d. (Ward, Lock)

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.—Tales of Mystery and Imagination. World's Classic, 1s. net. ..... (Grant Richards)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Betrothed. The Talisman. 2 Vols. Edinburgh Waverley Edition ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

SHORTHOUSE, J. H.—John Inglesant. 3 Vols. 25s. net. (Macmillan)

Mr. Shorthouse's "Romance," which has not lost its hold on the admiration and respect of its numerous readers through over twenty years of changes and chances in the history of fiction, is here offered in fitting form. The type is large and restful, the paper excellent. The volumes are light, and the set is one to be welcomed for the library.

SMART, HAWLEY.—False Cards, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

WALLACE, LEW.—The Fair God, 1s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

BASILE, GIAMBATTISTA.—The Story of Stories; or, Fun for the Little Ones. Translated from the Neapolitan. By John Edward Taylor. 3s. 6d. ..... (Everett)
This charming and valuable collection of tradition-tales is a reprint of the edition published in 1847, under the title of the "Pentamerone," and is spiritedly illustrated by George Cruikshank.

Children's Treasury, The. No. III., 1s. ..... (Nelson)

Darton's Sunday Pleasure Book. 2nd Series, 2s. 6d. (Wells Gardner)
A happy and ingenious idea for Sunday occupation, well carried out.

DIX, BEULAH MARIE.—A Little Captive Lad. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan)

GREENE, HOMER.—Pickett's Gap, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
For boys—and even girls—who are not entirely given over to the reading of fights and adventures and hairbreadth escapes this story will be a genuine "find." Pickett's Gap is in Pennsylvania, and the boy-hero of the tale takes secret steps to foil the engineers of a railway company who arbitrarily stake their line through his grandfather's most treasured piece of land. How the foiling of one railway company plays into the hands of a rival company, how the matter is finally settled, and how a reconciliation between a father and son is brought about, is worked into a capital book, exciting, lively, well-written and illustrated.

HASKELL, MRS. L.—Stories from the Life of Christ. Illustrated. 2s. ..... (Blackie)

HENDERSON, FLORENCE L.—A Room in the Roof, 2s. (Church of England Temperance Society)

Homely Heroine, A, and Other Adventurous Stories. By Popular Writers. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. (Everett)

LONDON, JACK.—Children of the Frost. Illustrated, 6s. (Macmillan)

MARSHALL, BEATRICE.—The Siege of York. Illustrated, 5s. (Seeley)

Merry Middies of the Enchantress, The, and Other Stories of the Coastguards and Smugglers. By Popular Writers. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ..... (Everett)

MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL, M.—A Christmas Surprise Packet. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)

MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL, M.—Two Lovable Imps. Illustrated. 2s. ..... (Jarrold)
A really capital story for children, and for those who love them. The "Imps" keep the interest unflagging with their scrapes and adventures and irresistible methods, and play their small parts in bigger affairs than their own with happy effect.

Morning Rays. Sabbath Scholars' Treasury. 1s. net. (R. and R. Clark, Edin.)

My New Story Book, 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)
Stories, verses, and pictures for the small people, brilliant and amusing.

Rhymes For The Nursery. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. (Brown, Langham, and Co.)
The genuine old rhymes. "Dame Trot," "Mother Hubbard," "Cock Robin," and so forth, in small compass.

RIVETT-CARNAC, MARION.—Little Edelweiss in Switzerland. Adapted from the Swiss Verses of Mdlle. Goetz. With Original Illustrations. 3s. 6d. ..... (Duckworth)

Sunbeams. Pictures and Stories for Little Folks, 1s. 6d. (Blackie)
Full of colour and brightness, in pictures and big-print stories.

TIDDEMAN, L. E.—Robinetta, 2s. 6d. ..... (Nelson)

TURNER, ETHEL.—Little Mother Meg, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
Perhaps better than any other writer has Miss Turner helped to fill the void in girls' story-writing left by Miss Alcott. In this volume we meet again our old friends of Misrule, and follow them through games and jaunts, pleasures and troubles, with all the charm and brightness and naturalness which we have grown to count on when this authoress is the narrator.

Young People. 1902. Edited by Rev. F. H. Capey. ... (Burroughs)
An old friend with all the brightness of youth: full of good thoughts, entertaining stories, and pleasant surprises.

NEW EDITIONS.

FRITH, HENRY.—Jack o' Lanthorn. Illustrated, 2s. ...(Blackie)

HEDDLE, ETHEL F.—A Mystery of St. Rule's. Illustrated, 6s. (Blackie)

PHILLIPS-WOLLEY, CLIVE.—Gold, Gold, in Cariboo! Illustrated, 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)

WETHERELL, E.—Wide, Wide World. Lily Series. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

Wonderful Adventures of Baron Munchausen, The. Adapted for Children. By Doris Hayman. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. (Dean)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.—The Nazarene, 4s. 6d. net. (Philip Wellby)

ANDERSON, ALEX., M.A.—Lazarus At Our Gate (Calder, Glasgow)

BARING, MAURICE.—The Black Prince, and other Poems, 5s. net ..... (John Lane)

BEALE, DOROTHEA, LL.D., Ed.—Literary Studies of Poems, New and Old, 4s. ..... (Bell)
In excellent language and a style which not only elucidates the poems, but encourages to wider reading and deeper study, Miss Beale writes of Dante and Beatrice, of the theology of "Paradise Lost," of Browning's poems, the connection of literature and history, and other literary subjects. The volume is one which will serve admirably to help in the forming of good taste in literature.

BRET HARTE and T. E. PEMBERTON.—Sue, 2s. 6d. (Greening)
In dainty, soft-tinted blue linen covers, Bret Harte's story of "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," which was skilfully adapted for acting by the author and Mr. Pemberton some few years ago, is now given in book form. Those who remember the production of the play at the Garrick Theatre will remember also its strength, and humour, and pathos, and the really fine acting of Miss Annie Russell as "Sue." The play makes delightful reading, and Mr. Pemberton hints that it is to be seen and heard again on the boards.

BRIDGES, JOHN A.—The Lost Parson, and other Poems, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)

BRIGHT EVENING THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Selected and Arranged by Adelaide L. J. Gosset. Illustrated. 2s. ..... (George Allen)
A very charming collection of poems and hymns in calendar shape, for children. They are arranged for a month, on turn-over sheets, each set of verses having a devotional picture, many of them from the Old Masters. The idea is novel and attractive, and well suited to the nursery.

BROWNLIE, REV. JOHN.—Hymns of The Holy Eastern Church, 3s. 6d. net .....(Alex. Gardner, Paisley)
Mr. Brownlie has earned for himself the title of hymnologist, and his work and research are at this day of great sterling value to all engaged in the study or collection of hymns. This volume consists of hymns translated from the service books of the Eastern Church, and in these translations is well retained the force of the originals, while many a touch of poetry is given to the lines. An important section of the book is that dealing with the history and doctrine of the Church.

CHAMBERS, C. HADDON.—The Awakening, 1s. 6d. (Heinemann)

GIBSON, ELIZABETH.—The Burden of Love. Vigo Cabinet Series. 1s. ..... (Elkin Mathews)
Here is a poet wise enough to trust herself. Her poems have much beauty in them, but beyond this, and more than this, they show individuality and a freedom from the timidity which hampers.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON.—The Queen's Vigil, and other Songs, 1s. ..... (Elkin Mathews)
A distinguished little collection of poems in The Vigo Cabinet series. Mr. Gibson has in him undoubtedly that evasive "something" which marks the difference between the poet and the man who makes verses. Fervour and a touch of enchantment mark his work.

GREIN, J. T.—Dramatic Criticism, 1900-1901, 3s. 6d....(Greening)
A third volume of reprinted notices of the plays of the day; notices which were well worth reprinting, not only as giving, to some extent, a history of the year's drama, its quickly-forgotten failures, as well as its marked successes, but as giving also clearly stated and honest opinions by an unfettered and unbiassed critic of some authority.

GUNN, CLEMENT, B., M.D.—A Doctor's Thoughts. (Lewis, Selkirk)

HOLE, W. G.—Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic, 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews)
Here we have a pleasing volume of varied themes, all treated with sincere poetic imagination and no little skill. Most of the poems would lose too much by part quotation, but we give a few verses of one, named "Captive In London Town," which, though unambitious, strikes us as being full of life:—

"There comes a ghostly space
'Twixt midnight and the dawn,
When from the heart of London Town
The tides of life are drawn.

What time, when Spring is due,
The captives dungeoned deep
Beneath the stones of London Town
Grow troubled in their sleep.

And wake-mint, mallow, dock,
Brambles in bondage sore,
And grasses shut in London Town
A thousand years and more.

. . . . . .

Like Samson, blind and scorned,
In pain their time they bide,
To seize the roots of London Town,
And tumble down its pride.

* * * * *

We are not sure we have not done it injustice by quotation, but we ourselves have often wondered how long it would take weeds to grow in London streets, and the idea is simply but well put by Mr. Hole.

JENNINGS, J. G.—Sakuntala, 6s. ..... (Indian Press, Allahabad)

MASEFIELD, JOHN.—Salt-Water Ballads, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)

MOORE, E. HAMILTON.—Undine, a Lyrical Drama, 4s. 6d. net. (Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester)

MOTHER'S BOOK OF SONG, THE.—Illustrations by Charles Robinson, 3s. net ..... (Wells Gardner)
A very pretty book of child-songs; many old favourites and many new treasures; illustrated in the fashion which made Stevenson's "Child's Garden" doubly welcome.

PATTERSON, ANNIE W.—The Story of Oratorio. The Music Story Series. 3s. 6d. net.....(Walter Scott Pub. Co.)
PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY, CLIVE.—Songs of an English Esau, 5s. (Smith, Elder)
REED, Sir EDWARD J., K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P.—Poems, 5s. net. (Grant Richards)
ROBERTS, JOSEPHINE L.—The Rose of Joy ...(The Neely Co.)
SMALL, ALEX. B.L.—Sonnets and Lyrics, 6d. (Milne and Stephen, Aberdeen)
THOMAS, JOHN, M.A.—The Iris, and other Poems, 2s. 6d. net. (Stockwell)
WATSON, WILLIAM.—Selected Poems, 3s. 6d. and 5s. net. (John Lane)
WHITTIER TREASURY, A.—Selected by the Countess of Portsmouth. 3d. ..... (Broadbent, Manchester)

A new issue in Mr. Broadbent's series of Treasuries of the Poets, which, we have had good proof, are appreciated thoroughly by all who know them. The object is to place genuine, inspiring literature within the reach of the poorest, and the present booklet carries forward the good scheme admirably.

NEW EDITIONS.

Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. With Illustrations. Athenian Drama Series. Vol. III. 7s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)
Goethe's Faust. Translated by Albert G. Latham. Temple Classic. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Dent)
Iliad, The. Edited by Walter Leaf, Litt.D. Vol. II. Books XIII.-XXIV. 18s. ..... (Macmillan)
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.—Evangeline, The Song of Hiawatha, and other Poems. Oxford Miniature Edition. India Paper. 3s. 6d. ..... (Frowde)
Molière's Plays. French and English Texts. 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
Sheridan's Humorous Plays. Turner House Classics. 2s. net. (Virtue)

A new volume in this dainty, attractive, and marvellously cheap series, the pretty black and white covers of which have become so familiar and welcome.

Sophocles. Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. With Illustrations. Athenian Drama Series. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. net. ..... (George Allen)
SPENSER, EDMUND.—Amoretti. The York Library. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Brimley Johnson)
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD.—In Memoriam, The Princess, and Maud. Edited, with Critical Introduction, by John Churton Collins. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
Vita Nuova. Translated from the Italian. By Frances de Mey. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Bell)
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.—Poems. Introduction by Alice Meynell. Red Letter Library ..... (Blackie)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ATKINS, H. G., M.A.—A Skeleton French Grammar, 1s. 6d. (Blackie)
Balfour's, Mr., Apologetics, Critically Examined. 3s. 6d. net (Watts)
BLAKE, ROBERT.—The Reason For Bode's Law. 4d. net (Greening)
BOXALL, GEORGE E.—The Anglo-Saxon. A Study in Evolution. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
DIGBY, WILLIAM, C.I.E.—Natural Law in Terrestrial Phenomena, 6s. net ..... (Wm. Hutchinson and Co.)
FEARENSIDE, C. S., M.A.—Matriculation, Modern History. University Tutorial Series. 3s. 6d. (University Tutorial Press)
GRIERSON, WALTER.—Practical Book-keeping for Commercial Classes, 1s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)
HAYWARD, FRANK H., D.Lit., M.A.—The Reform of Moral and Biblical Education, 4s. 6d. ..... (Swan Sonnenschein)
HISCOX, GARDNER D., M.E.—Gas, Gasoline, and Oil Engines. With 312 Illustrations. (Sampson Low, Marston)
History: Local Examination Test Papers in English History. July, 1882—July, 1902. Arranged by J. S. Lindsey. In Two Parts, 8d. each. Complete, 1s. 6d. (Heffer, Cambridge)
History Readers, The Complete. Book V. 1s. 6d..... (Blackie)
MARDON, H. W.—Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. A Geography. 2s. ..... (Blackie)
MUIR, M. M. PATTISON, M.A.—The Story of Alchemy, 1s. (Newnes)
MURET-SANDERS.—Pocket Dictionary of the English and German Languages. 3s. 6d. .....(Grevel)
OSTROGORSKI, M.—Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties. Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke, M.A. 2 vols. 25s. net. ..... (Macmillan)
PERTWEE, ERNEST.—The Art of Speaking, 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
PIKE, OLIVER G.—Hillside, Rock and Dale. With Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

There is no excuse in these days for ignorance of natural history. Mr. Oliver Pike and his compeers present it in such enticing form, that not only are we eager to know of birds and fish, insects and animals, but are inspired, too, to go wandering for ourselves, for the sake, partly, of the beautiful scenes which they present as backgrounds for the actual subject in hand. The present volume is concerned with birds and bird-life, and the photographs alone, taken direct from nature, would be sufficient to recommend it; but the chapters which lead up to these are fresh, authoritative, and altogether charming. Nature lovers will delight in it, and birds should gain by it many new friends—they need them sorely at this time of the year.

Poems for Recitation. Edited by Louis A. Barbé, B.A. Blackie's Little French Classics. 4d. ..... (Blackie)
RAMSAY, G. G., M.A., LL.D., Litt.D.—Efficiency in Education. (MacLehose)
Ruskin on Pictures. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume should certainly accompany every one once at least to the National Gallery, and be studied after return. It treats of the Turner pictures there and in Mr. Ruskin's own collection, and is a gathering together in one volume of his criticisms, never heretofore reprinted. The union of practical knowledge of detail, with appreciation of, and passion for, the beautiful as he saw it, in a man of original mind, is wonderful in itself, and always intensely interesting. Insight, and devotion to the genius of this Master are strikingly exemplified, and the book is enriched with small but beautiful reproductions.

Scottish Portraits. Edited by James L. Caw. Portfolio I. 21s. (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SEDGWICK, Lieut.-Col. W.—Man's Position in the Universe: A Rough Survey, 6s. net ..... (George Allen)

NEW EDITIONS.

DRUMMOND, HENRY, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.—Natural Law in the Spiritual World, 6d. .....(Hodder and Stoughton)
HAECKEL, ERNST.—The Riddle of the Universe, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
HEINE, HEINRICH.—Die Harzreise. Adapted and Edited by W. Gray Etheridge, M.A. Blackie's Little German Classics. 6d. ..... (Blackie)
MANGASARIAN, M. M.—A New Catechism, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
MERIMEE, PROSPER.—Colomba. Edited by E. T. Schoedelin, B.A. Blackie's Modern Language Series. 1s. 6d. (Blackie)
MOLIERE.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Edited by Maurice A. Gerothwohl, B.Phil. Blackie's Little French Classics. 8d. ..... (Blackie)
NARGELY, HENRY (Henry Gaëlyn).—J. F. Millet and Rustic Art, 3s. 6d. ..... (Elliot Stock)
Nibelungenlied, The, Selections from. Part I. Edited by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. Blackie's Little German Classics. 6d. (Blackie)
PRINGLE-PATTISON, A. SETH, LL.D.—Man's Place in the Cosmos. Enlarged and Revised Edition. 6s. net (Blackwood)
Schiller. Select Ballads. Edited by Frieda Weekley. Blackie's Little German Classics, 6d. ..... (Blackie)
Shakespeare, The Picture. Hamlet, 1s. ..... (Blackie)
Xenophon's Anabasis. Book I. Edited by C. E. Brownrigg, M.A. Illustrated, 1s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ADAMS, BROOKS.—The New Empire, 6s. net..... (Macmillan)
"Amateur Angler, The."—Dove Dale Revisited. With Illustrations, 2s. 6d. net .....(Sampson Low, Marston)

Whether as traveller, angler, or book lover, you approach this little volume, you are bound to find refreshment and pleasure in it. Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton would have rejoiced could they have had as companion an angling brother so thoroughly in sympathy with them, their dallyings, their sport, and their literary tastes, as is this "amateur angler" of a later century. Not only wanderings in Dove Dale are recounted here, but in the Vale of the White Horse, on the Wye, on the Lea, and other favoured streams. The charm of the angler's holiday has crept into it, and made it a good book to pack when following his example, or to take from the shelf when unable to do so.

BERKELEY, G. F. H.—The Campaign of Adowa and the Rise of Menelik. With Maps. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
BOUTROUX, EMILE.—Pascal. Translated by Ellen Margaret Creak. Illustrated, 5s. net (Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester)
CAPEY, ERNEST F. H.—The Life of Erasmus. With Illustrations, 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
COWAN, SAMUEL J. P.—The Gowrie Conspiracy, 10s. 6d. net (Sampson Low, Marston)
DE WET, CHRISTIAN.—Three Years' War, 10s. 6d. (Constable)
FISKE, JOHN.—Essays, Historical and Literary. 2 Vols., 17s. net ..... (Macmillan)
FISKE, JOHN.—New France and New England, 8s. 6d. (Macmillan)
GILES, HERBERT ALLEN, LL.D.—China and the Chinese, 6s. net ..... (Macmillan)
HAGGARD, RIDER.—Rural England. 2 Vols., 36s. net (Longmans)
HIATT, CHARLES.—The Literary Associations of Shropshire, 1s. (Hobson, Wellington)

Shows a genuine love and knowledge, both of the county and of literature. A booklet to be read more than once, and to find its niche on the shelf among more ambitious volumes of Shropshire history.

Hugh Price Hughes As We Knew Him, 1s. ..... (Horace Marshall)

A touching booklet of reminiscences contributed by writers of varying creeds, aims, and tastes, but all—though showing the popular minister from many points of view—uniting in their tributes of esteem, affection, and sincere regret. The profits of the little volume are to be devoted to the West London Mis-

A Complete Reference Work.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

☛ Now Ready at all Booksellers'. ☚

A MINIATURE ENCYCLOPÆDIA FOR THE DESK AND POCKET.

DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK

For 1903.

An Entirely New Pocket Reference Work Every Year.
Not a Repetition of the Issues of Previous Years.

COMPLETE,
PRACTICAL,
UP-TO-DATE
POCKET ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

EVERYTHING THAT A REFERENCE WORK OUGHT TO CONTAIN IN THE "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK.

Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD, in reviewing the *Daily Mail* YEAR BOOK, writes:

"The little book contains nearly four hundred pages; every page is closely printed and dexterously packed, the whole thing being a mass of reference-book information which must have been as great a strain upon choice as laborious to collect and verify."

DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK.

NOW READY.

A MINIATURE ENCYCLOPÆDIA FOR THE DESK AND POCKET.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. - *AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.*

sion, the welfare and success of which lay so close to the heart of the late Mr. Price Hughes.

LEE, SIDNEY.—Queen Victoria: A Biography. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder)

LEIGHTON, DAVID.—Vicissitudes of Fort St. George, 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Sonnenschein)

LOVELL, ISABEL.—Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. Illustrated. 6s. net ..... (Macmillan)

MOREL, EDMUND D. (E. D. M.).—Affairs of West Africa. Illustrated. 12s. net. ..... (Heinemann)

MUIR, Sir WILLIAM, K.C.S.I., D.C.L.—Indian Mutiny, 1857. N.W.P., Intelligence Records. Edited by William Coldstream, B.A., I.C.S. 2 vols. 36s. net...(T. and T. Clark)

NOYCE, FRANK, B.A.—England, India, and Afghanistan. The Le Bas Prize Essay. 3s. net.....(Cam. Univ. Press)

OLIPHANT, T. L. KINGTON.—Rome and Reform. 2 vols. 21s. net ..... (Macmillan)

REEVES, W. P.—State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand. 2 vols. 24s. net .....(Grant Richards)

ROLLAND, ROMAIN.—Millet. Translated by Clementina Black. 2s. and 2s 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)

This new volume in Messrs. Duckworth's praiseworthy little Popular Library of Art gives to English readers the opportunity for studying Millet the man, as well as the artist and his work, in a truer and more thorough manner than has heretofore been possible in brief. Here Millet is shown, not as has too often been the case, as a Socialist, a revolter against the pain and hardships of the people, as a melodramatic politician, but as an artist who was chiefly an artist, without problems in his work beyond the everlasting problems of life. It shows him, too, not as a whiner and grumbler, but one who may be said—just as one sometimes says of a person, "he enjoys bad health"—to have enjoyed the sorrow of the world. To him it was natural, not blameable; he was a pessimist by nature, and he found his pleasure in the beauty of sorrow. It was the schooling of the artist. "Pain," he says, "is perhaps the thing that gives artists the strongest power of expression." Millet's work is treated of here in full and charming appreciation, and the examples of it, numbering thirty-two, are almost in themselves a generous art-education, so deep and true is the meaning to be found in the attitudes and shapings of the peasant figures. This is a most successful volume in an admirable series.

RUSSELL, GEORGE W. E.—Henry Cary Shuttleworth, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

The many friends of the late Rector of St Nicholas Cole Abbey will appreciate the result of Mr. Russell's work of shaping and arranging these memories, if they are not quite able to appreciate the labours and difficulties of the task. The subject of this memoir was so well loved by his friends that, as is always the case with good words, the memories are heartening and beautiful; but spread over a whole volume they might have lacked interest had they not been skilfully arranged and ably woven into a complete biography. The work has been done well, and we have a clear and sympathetic portrait of a man who was born to be a pioneer. Any one who had met the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, as we have done ourselves, will remember his vigour, his unfailing cheeriness, his untiring helpfulness; but at the back of all that there was in the man a happy strength of conviction, a passionate love of humanity, a *Christlikeness*, which are rare in this world. From childhood to death he was a living witness to the joy of religion, and a strenuous worker in the field of labour, which included, above all, the raising, the comforting, the saving of his poorer and weaker brethren.

SMITH, SAMUEL, M.P.—My Life Work. Illustrated, 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton)

THOMAS, R. M.—The Alpujarra, 2s. net.....(Simpkin, Marshall) (Hutchinson)

TOOLEY, SARAH A.—Royal Palaces and Their Memories, 16s. (Hutchinson)

There was a fair opening for this handsome volume. Not only is it in itself a beautiful gift-book on an always useful and interesting subject; it is a most enlightening and absorbing volume on a somewhat new line. For Mrs. Tooley has not attempted to give us architecture or antiquity; instead, she has repeopled for us five still history-forming English palaces—Windsor, St. James's, Hampton Court, Kensington, and Buckingham Palaces; she has written their human history, so to speak, and has done it with all the charm we know her so well to possess, and all the knowledge which she has for years been gathering and storing. Students of English history will do well to make themselves acquainted with this finely-produced, well-illustrated volume.

VILJOEN, GENERAL BEN.—My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War. With maps, 6s. (Hood, Douglas, and Howard)

WARREN, HENRY.—The Story of the Bank of England, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Jordan)

The story of England's great bank is to some extent the story of England, so inextricably are some of the greatest events intertwined with the great banking business. This volume, however, is more than an account of big affairs; it is, literally, a detailed story of the Bank's doings, schemes, ventures, methods, departments, securities, and other banking matters. Mr. Warren has already proved his aptitude for turning commerce into good entertaining reading; this volume is both an amusement and an education.

WILKINS, W. H., M.A., F.S.A.—Our King and Queen. Profusely illustrated. Part XVII. 7d. net. ..... (Hutchinson)

WRIGHT, ARNOLD. and PHILIP SMITH.—Parliament Past and Present. Profusely illustrated. Part XVIII. 7d. net. (Hutchinson)

NEW EDITIONS.

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY.—Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist. New Edition, enlarged. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. $2.00. ..... (Goodspeed, Boston)

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS.—Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. World's Classic. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

"LESSER COLUMBUS" (Laurence Cowen).—Greater Bristol, 6s. (Greening)

Social England. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., and J. S Mann, M.A. Illustrated. Vol. III. 14s. net ..... (Cassell)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARMSTRONG, MRS. L. HEATON.—Ettiquette and Entertaining. 1s. ..... (John Long)

ARNOLD'S, MATTHEW, Notebooks. With Preface. By the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. 4s. 6d. ..... (Smith, Elder)

BARTRUM, REV. E., F.R.H.S.—The Book of Pears and Plums. Handbook of Practical Gardening Series. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane)

Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1903. Edited by Emily Janes. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (A. and C. Black)

From the Abyss: Of its Inhabitants. By One of Them. 1s. net. (Brimley Johnson)

HALL, REV. CHARLES A.—The Art of Being Happy. (Alex. Gardner, Paisley)

HAWEIS, REV. H. R., M.A.—Realities of Life. Thoughts Selected by Jessie M. Oliver. ..... (Elliot Stock)

HULME, F. EDWARD, F.S.A.—Proverb Lore, 7s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock)

This is a book to browse over; indeed it is difficult, without the knowledge born alone of time and experience, to gauge its full value. Of its manifold charm and attraction, however, it is easy to speak at once. Proverbs and proverb lore of all periods and countries are gathered here and woven into a series of chapters as diverting as they are useful and informing.

HUMPHRY, MRS.—Etiquette for Every Day. 5s. (Grant Richards)

Kottó. Being Japanese Curíos, with Sundry Cobwebs. Collected by Lafcadio Hearn. Illustrated. 6s. net .....(Macmillan)

"LUCAS MALET" Birthday Book, The. Compiled by G. Olivia Dethridge. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

OGILVY, A. J.—Phases of the Land and Labour Question. 6d. (Land Nationalisation Society)

PENZANCE, LORD.—The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. Edited by M. H. Kinnear. 5s. net..... (Sampson Low)

PURDON, K. F.—The Laundry at Home. 3d. (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

A new volume in the "Little Treasure" series. It is one of the very best small, practical handbooks that has ever come in our way. Full in direction and generous in scope.

RIIS, JACOB A.—The Battle with the Slum. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

Saint George's Kalendar for 1903. 1s. net ..... (Constable)

Gay as ever. Should be possessed by every sound-hearted Englishman.

This Life and the Next. Impressions and Thoughts. Collected and arranged by Estelle Davenport Adams. 5s. (Grant Richards)

"UBIQUE." Modern Warfare. Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Nelson)

This is a book for many publics. Its sub-title is "How Our Soldiers Fight," and in its pages, after chapters descriptive of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, we have an imagined war of the future between Britain and Germany, given in full detail, with maps and plans according to scale, the several battles, with accounts of the positions, fortifications, and movements. The thing is well done, and, in spite of the somewhat overwhelming number of war books during the past three years, will thoroughly interest the soldier, the civilian, and the boy of martial spirit.

WEIR, HARRISON, F.R.H.S.—Our Poultry, and All About Them. Illustrated. Parts 2, 3. 7d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

Who's Who, 1903. 5s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

It has come to this—we cannot do without it.

Works Fire Brigades; Their Organisation and Equipment. 1s. (Shand, Mason and Co.)

Full of practical and authoritative information. Every Fire Brigade should have a copy, and, what is more, study it.

WRIGHT, MABEL OSGOOD.—Dogtown. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Macmillan)

All about some real dogs, for those who love them. The doings of the Waddles family are really funny, and the book is illustrated by portraits from life, into which pictures not a few humans enter, with good effect.

NEW EDITIONS.

BAYLISS, SIR WYKE, K.B., F.S.A.—Rex Regum. A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ. Library Edition. Revised and enlarged. 8s. 6d. net ... (Sampson Low, Marston)

CHESTERTON, G. K.—The Defendant ..... (Brimley Johnson)

INGOLDSBY, THOMAS.—The Ingoldsby Legends. Notes and Introduction by J. B. Atlay, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. Little Library Edition. 3s. net ..... (Methuen)

LACORDAIRE, HENRI DOMINIQUE.—Letters to Young Men. Translated from the French. 2s. 6d. net (Art and Book Co.)

MANCHESTER, SIR HENRY MONTAGU, 1st EARL OF.—Manchester Al Mondo. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)

ST. FRANCIS. The Legend of. By the Three Companions. Now first Translated into English by E. G. Salter. Temple Classic. 1s. 6d. net..... (Dent)

WORSFOLD, W. BASIL.—The Principles of Criticism. 3s. 6d. net (George Allen)

100,000 Books for Sale & Wanted.

Books Wanted.

All First Editions, Original Bindings, unless otherwise stated.

EDWARD BAKER'S

GREAT BOOKSHOP,

14 and 16, John Bright Street,

BIRMINGHAM.

Ackermann's Microcosm, 3 vols., 1808 or 1811, £8 offered
—— New Matrimonial Ladder, 1840, 15s. offered
—— History of Public Schools, 1816, £8 offered
—— Repository of Arts, 40 vols., 1809-28, £8 offered
—— University of Oxford, 2 vols., 1814, £4 offered
Ackermann's Publications, please report any
Account of the English Stage, 10 vols, 1832 £3 offered
Ainsworth's Mervyn Clitheroe, in original parts, 1858, 25s. offered
—— St. James's, 3 vols., 1846, 30s. offered
—— Lancashire Witches, 3 vols., 1849, 10s. offered
—— Old Saint Paul's, 1841, 3 vols., 30s. offered
—— Windsor Castle, in 11 parts, as issued. 20s. offered
—— Please report any illustrated books by
Alaric at Rome: A Prize Poem Pamphlet, published Rugby, 1840, 10s. offered
Aldine Poets, Chaucer, 6 vols., 1845; Milton, 3 vols., 1852; Churchill, 3 vols., 1844.
—— Herrick, 2 vols., 1846; Swift, 3 vols., 1833, 10s. each offered.
—— Pickering, 53 vols., £15 offd.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, 1866, 25s. offered
Alken's British Sports, 1821, £20 offd.
—— Funeral Procession of Wellington, 25s. offered
—— 6 Plates of Shooting, 1823, 3s. offd.
—— Shakespeare's Seven Ages, 1824, 20s. offered
—— Ideas Accidental and Incidental to Hunting, 42 plates, £2 offered
—— Moments of Fancy, 1822, 30s. offered
—— Symptoms being Amused, 1822, 30s. offered
—— Series of Driving Discoveries, 1817, £2 offered
—— Any old books by, coloured plates
Allingham, The Music Master, 1855, 5s. offd.
Alpine Journal, 20 vols., £15 offered
Analysis of the Hunting Field, 1846, £4 offd
An Address to the Irish People, a Pamphlet, 1812, 10s. offered
An Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard, 1751, £10 offered. 1st Edition.
Andrews' History of the War with America, 4 vols., 1785, 10s. offered
Angas' South Australia, Illustrated folio, 1847, £2 offered
Annals of Gallantry, 3 vols, 1814-15, £5 offd.
Annals of Sporting, 13 vols, £15 offered
Annals of Sporting, any vols.
Aphra Behn's Works, 6 vols., 1871, 20s. offered
A Poetical Essay on the existing State of Things, by a Gentleman of the University of Oxford, 1811, 10s. offd.
Apperley's Hunting Reminiscences, 1843, £3 offered
—— John Mytton, 1835, 1837, or 1851, £3 each offered
—— Life of a Sportsman, 1842, £10 offered
Apuleius, Tudor Translation by Adlington, 1893, 30s. offered
A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote, by the Hermit of Marlow, 1817, a Pamphlet, 10s. offered
A Refutation of Deism, 1814, 10s. offered
A Rent in a Cloud, green cloth, Chapman and Hall, no date (1869), 10s. offd.
Army and Navy Gentleman's Companion, 1784, 21s. offered
Aspin's Naval and Military Exploits, 1820, 21s. offered
Audubon's Birds of America, 7 vols., 1861, £10 offered
—— Birds of America, 7 vols., 1840-44, £20 offered
Austen (Jane) Pride and Prejudice, 3 vols, 1813, 15s. offered
—— Sense and Sensibility, 3 vols, 1811, 15s. offered
—— Any first editions in boards
A Vindication of Natural Diet, a philosophical poem, 1813, 10s. offered
Bacon (Lord), Works, 14 vols., 1857-74, 14 vols., £2 offered
Bacon's Works, 17 vols., 1825, 30s. offered
Badminton Library, Hunting, large paper, £3 offered
Barrett's (E. B.) Battle of Marathon, 72 pp., 1820, £3 offered
Beard's Hunting Diary, 1813, 10s. offered
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 11 vols, 1843, £3 offered
Beauty and the Beast, coloured plates, any edition before 1820, 25s. each offered
Beckford on Hunting, 1781, or 1796, 25s. each offered
Behmen's Works, 4 vols, 1764-81, £2 offered
Belt's Naturalist in Nicaragua, 1873, 5s. offd.
Blank Verse by Lloyd and Lamb, 1798, £3 offered
Blavatsky's Isis Unveiled, 2 vols., 10s. 6d. offered
—— The Secret Doctrine, 3 vols., 12s. offd.
Blond's Theory of Gardening, 1728, 10s. offd.
Bon Ton Magazine, 11 vols., 30s. offered
Book for Boys and Girls, by J. B., 1688, £3 offered
Books with Paintings on the Edges, 10s. each offered
Bookman; please report any Recent Nos.
Borrow (G.) The Zincali, 2 vols., 1841, 1st edition, 15s. offered
—— Romany Rye, 2 vols, 1857, 21s. offered
—— Wild Wales, 1862, 3 vols, 25s. offered
—— Word Book of the Romany, 1874, 10s. 6d. offered
—— Bible in Spain, 1st edit., 3 vols., 1843, 15s. offered
Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, 2 vols, 1791, 7s. 6d. offered
Boxiana, 5 vols, £4 offered.
Boydell's River Thames, 2 vols., 1794, £5 offered
Bradley's Ethical Studies, 1876, 21s. offered
Bradley's Logic, 1883, 10s. offered
Bradshaw's Railway Guides (not companions), Dec., 1841, Jan., 1842, and March, 1845, £2 each offered
Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884, 15s. offd.
Bridge's (R.) Poems, 1873, 21s. offered
British Essayists, edited by Chalmers, 45 vols., well bound set, 1817, 30s. offd.
Bronte's Jane Eyre, 3 vols, 1847, £3 offered
—— Tenant of Wildfell Hall, 3 vols, 1848, 25s. offered
Brooke's Gardens of England, 1857, 10s. 6d. offered
Browning's Poems, 1844, 2 vols, 10s. offered
—— Bells and Pomegranates, 1841, 20s. offered
—— Paracelsus, 1835, 21s. offered
—— Pauline, 1833, £2 offered
—— Prometheus Bound, 1833, 10s. offered
—— Sonnets by E. B. B., published at Reading, 1847, 10s. offered
—— The Seraphim, and other Poems, 1838, 10s. offered
—— Sordello, 1840, 10s. offered
—— Strafford, 1837, 21s. offered
—— Any Autograph letters or Presentation Copies of his works
Bryce American Commonwealth, 3 vols, 1888, 20s. offered
Burchell's Travels in Africa, 2 vols., 1822, 25s. offered
Burlington Fine Arts Club, European Enamels, 1897, £3 offered
Burlington Fine Art Club, Portrait Miniatures, 1889, £15 offered
Burlington Fine Arts Club, please report any publications of
Burk's History of Virginia, 1804-16, 4 vols., £2 offered
Burke's Armory and Extinct Peerage, 1883, 10s. each offered
Burney, Evelina, 3 vols, 1778, 25s. offered
Burns' Poems, 1786 or 1787, £3 offered
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols., £20 offd.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 12 vols., Illustrated, published by Nichols and Co., £4 offered
Bury's Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 1831, 25s. offered
Canterbury Tales, 5 vols., 1822, 15s. offered
Caricature Annual, 1830, 20s. offered
Carlyle, French Revolution, 3 vols, 20s. offered, 1837
Carroll (Lewis), Through the Looking Glass, 1872, 1st edit., 10s. 6d. offered
Casanova's Memoirs, 12 vols., 1894, privately printed, £4 offered
Cassell's Familiar Trees, 2 vols., 10s. offered
Catlin's North American Indians, 1844, folio edition, £3 offered
Celebrated Trials, 6 vols., 1825, 25s. offered
Chaffers' Keramic Gallery, 1872, 2 vols., £2 offered
Chapman's Wild Spain, 10s. 6d. offered
Children of the Chapel, 1864, 7s. 6d. offered
Clara Vaughan, 3 vols, first edition, 1864, 25s. offered
Coleridge, Fears in Solitude, 1798, 10s. offd.
Coleridge, Notes on Shakespeare, 2 vols., 1849, 8s. offered
—— Poems, 1796, 1797, or 1803, 10s. each offered
—— The Watchman, Bristol, 1796, 10s. offered
Confessions of an Oxonian, 3 vols., 1826, £2 offered
Constable's Landscape Scenery, 1830, £2 offd
Constitutional and Public Ledger, 1836-39, 25s. offered
Cook on Foxhunting, 1826, 25s. offered
Cook's British Fresh Water Algæ, 2 vols, 1882-4, 25s. offered
Cooke's British Fungi, 8 vols., 1881-91, £8 offered
Corsair Gazette, New York, 1839-40, 15s. offd.
Costumes, please report any books with coloured plates
Cow Chace in 3 Cantos, New York, 1780, 30s. offered
Cracks of the Day, 1841, 15s. offered
Creighton's Queen Elizabeth (Goupil), £7 offered
Cross, Autobiography of a Stage Coachman, 3 vols, 1861, 15s. offered
Crowe and Cavalcaselle, History Painting in Italy, 1864, 3 vols., £2 10s. offered
Crowe, Painting North Italy, 2 vols, 1871, 30s. offered
Crowquill's Paris and Dover, 1821, 48 coloured plates, £2 offered
Cruikshank's Gaiete de Paris, 21 coloured plates, £2 offered
Cruikshank (G.), German Popular Stories, 1823-26, £3 offered
—— Greenwich Hospital, 1826, 21s. offered
Cruikshank (G) Humorist, 4 vols, about 1819-22, £10 offered
—— Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols, 1828, £3 offered
—— Life in Paris, 1822, £2 offered
—— Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, 1845, 21s. offered
—— Playfair Papers, 3 vols, 1841, 21s. offd.
—— Syntax Life of Napoleon, 1815, 21s. offered
—— Please report any books illustrated by
Cuckold's Chronicle, 2 vols, 1793, £5 offered
Cunningham's Story of Nell Gwynne, 1852, 8s. offered
Curse of Minerva, 25 pp., 1812, £10 offered
Curzon's Persia, 2 vols, 1892, 20s. offered
Dampier's Voyages, 4 vols., 1729, 30s. offered
Dassigny's Masonic Enquiry, 1744, 20s. offd.
—— Please report any books by
Dawkin's Cave Hunting, 1874; Early Man in Britain, 1880, 15s. each offered
De Quincey, Opium Eater, 1822, 10s. offered
Desperate Remedies, 1871, 3 vols. 20s. offered
Dickens' Works, Edit.-de-Luxe, 30 vols., £9 offered
Dickens' Pickwick Papers, in 20 monthly 1s. Nos., £5 offered
—— Pickwick Papers, please report any odd numbers
—— Great Expectations, 3 vols., 1st Edit., 1861, 15s. offered
—— Picnic Papers, 3 vols., 1841, 15s. offd.
—— Oliver Twist, in monthly parts, 1846, 25s. offered
—— A Tale of Two Cities, in monthly parts, 1859, 25s. offered
—— Please report any 1st Editions in monthly parts
Dodgson's Euclid and His Modern Rivals, 3s. offered
Dodsley, Old English Plays, 15 vols, 1875, £2 offered
Don Quixote, 3 vols, 1833, 15s. offered
Dowell's Taxes and Taxation, 4 vols, 1888, 20s. offered
Dr. Syntax in London, 1820, £1 offd.

Dr. Syntax's Tours, 3 vols., 1812-1815-1820, 30s. offered
—— Please report any old Editions
Edinburgh University Magazine, Jan. to April, 4 parts, 1871, £2 offered
Egan's Life of an Actor, 1825, 30s. offd.
Eliot (George) Adam Bede, 3 vols, 1859, 10s. offered
—— Romola, 3 vols, 1863, 10s. offered
—— Scenes of Clerical Life, 1858, 2 vols, 20s. offered. 1st Edition
Elliot, Old Court Life in France, 2 vols, 1873, 10s. offered
Empedocles on Etna, 1852, 10s. offered
Epullia (Poems?), 1854, 15s. offered
Essay on Mind, and Other Poems, 1826, 10s. offered
Evelina, or Female Life in London, 1822, 20s. offered
Evelyn's Diary, 5 vols., 1827, 15s. offered
Euphranor, 1851, 21s. offered
Exquemeling's Bucaniers of America, 1684, £4 offered
Exquisites (The), a Farce, 1839, with 4 plates, 10s. offered
Exquisite Magazine, any vols.
Fairbairn's Crests, 2 vols., 10s. offered
Far from Madding Crowd, 2 vols, 1st Edition, 1874, 20s. offered
Fergusson's Serpent Worship, 1868 or 73, £3 offered
Fielding's Amelia, 4 vols, 1752, 20s. offered
—— Joseph Andrews, 2 vols, 1742, 20s. offd.
—— Tom Jones, 6 vols, 1749, 20s. offered
Fielding's Works, in 10 or 12 vols., please report any sets
Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, 1859, £5 offd.
—— Agamemnon, 1865, 20s. offered
—— Works, 2 vols, 1887, 12s. offered
Fleay's History of the Stage, 1890, 10s. offd.
Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique par Theophile-Wagstaffe, 8 large plates, 1826, £2 offered
Florio's Second Frutes to be Gathered of Twelve Trees, etc., 1591, £4 offered
Ford's Works, Edited by Dyce, 3 vols., 1869, 10s. offered
Franklin's Cicero Cato Major, 1744, £2 offered
Freeman, Historical Geography, 2 vols, 20s. offered
Freeman, Norman Conquest, 6 vols, £4 offd
Freeman's Reign of Wm. Rufus, 2 vols, 1882, 10s. offered
Freeman's Sicily, 4 vols., 1891, 21s. offered
Freer, Henry IV., Last Decade, 2 vols, 1863, 25s. offered
—— Please report any books by
Freshfields, Thonon to Trent, 1865, 10s. offd.
Froude's English in Ireland, 3 vols., 8vo, 1872, 15s. offered
—— History of England, 12 vols., 1856-70, £2 10s. offered
—— Short Studies, 4 vols., 8vo, 1867-83, £2 offered
Fugitive Pieces, Newark, 1806, 10s. offd.
Gallery of Fashion, 8 vols, 1794,1801, £10 offd
Gardiner, History of England, 2 vols, 1863, 25s. offered
Gardner's Hare Hunting, 1758, 20s. offered
Gebir, a Poem, paper covers, 1798, £3 offd.
Germ, The, 1850, £3 offered
Gessner's Military Evolutions, 1801, £2 offd.
Gilbert's Lucrezia Borgia, 2 vols., 3s. offered
Gil Blas, 2 vols., 1833, 7s. 6d. offered
Goldsmith's Deserted Village, 1770, £5 offd.
Goldsmith, Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols, Salisbury, 1766, £20 offered
Gray's Odes, 1757, 10s. offered
Green's Short History, several copies, 3s. each offered; 4 vols., illustrated, 20s. offered
Gurney, Myers and Podmore, Phantasms of the Living, 2 vols, 1886, 12s. offered
Hamerton, Etchings and Etchers, 1868 or 1880, 30s. offered
Handley Cross, Part 17, 5s. offered
Handy Andy, 1842, 10s. offered
Harvie and Brown's Fauna of Sutherland, 1887, 21s. offered
Havell's Views River Thames, 1818, 30s. offered
Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen, 1814 or 1844, 10s. each offered
Hayley's Life of Romney, 1809, 25s. offered
Hayward's Account of a Journey Across the Alps, 1835, 10s. offered
Hayward's Essays, 2 vols., 1858, 10s. offered
Hayward's Essays, 3rd Series, 1874, 10s. offd.
Hazlitt's Liber Amoris, 1823, 10s. offered
Heath's Life of a Soldier, 1823, 25s. offered
Heath's Sporting Alphabet, 23 coloured plates, £2 offered
Help's Spanish Conquest in America, 4 vols., 15s. offered, 1855
Heptalogia, 1880, 10s. offered
Hewitson, Eggs of British Birds, 2 vols., 1856, £2 offered
Hewlett's Earthwork out of Tuscany, 1st Edition, 1895, 10s. 6d. offered
—— Masque of Dead Florentines, 1895, 7s. 6d. offered
Hewlett's Pan and the Young Shepherd, 1898, 7s. 6d. offered
Hissey, Drive through England, 1885, 25s. offered
—— Please report any books by
Horace Templeton, 2 vols., 1848, 7s. 6d. offd.
Hornem's (Horace) Waltz, 27 pages, 1813, £10 offered
Hoskold, Engineers' Valuers' Assistant, 1877, 5s. offered
Hughes, Tom Brown's School Days, 1857, 10s. offered, First Edit.
—— Tom Brown at Oxford, 3 vols, 1861, 10s. offered
Hungarian and Highland Broadsword, 1798, 25s. offered
Hunting Songs, Ballads, etc., Chester, 1834, 25s. offered
Hussey's British Mycology, 1847-55, £4 offd.
Jackson, Old Paris, 2 vols, 1878, 25s. offered
—— French Court and Society, 2 vols, 1881, 25s. offered
James (G. P. R.) Novels, 21 vols, 1845-49, £2 offered
James's Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., 10s. 6d. offered
Jane Austen's Novels, Mansfield Park, 3 vols, 1814, Emma, 3 vols, 1816, Northanger Abbey and Persuasion, 4 vols, 1818, all in paper boards as issued, 15s. each offered
Japhet in Search of a Father, 3 vols, coloured plates, 1837, 20s. offered
Jerrold's Men of Character, 1838, 3 vols., 25s. offered
Jesse, Memoirs; Court of England, 1846, 25s. offered
—— George Selwyn, 4 vols, 1843, 30s. offd.
—— Memoirs Richard III., 1862, 25s. offd.
Jesse, Any Books by
Jewitt's Ceramic Art, 10s. offered
John Eliot's Indian Translation of the Bible, 1663, £25 offered
Jones' Diary Quorndon Hunt, 1816, 10s. offd.
Jorrocks' Jaunts, 1838, £5 offered
Jorrock's Jaunts, 2nd Edition, 1843, £5 offd.
Jowett's Plato, 5 vols., 1875, 21s. offered
Julian's Dictionary Hymnology, 10s. offered
Junot's Memoirs Napoleon, 3 vols., 1883, 20s. offered
Keats' Lamia and other Poems, 1820, £3 offd
—— Endymion, 1818, £3 offered
—— Poems, 1817, £3 offered
—— Works, by Forman, 4 vols., 25s. offered
Kelmscott Press books, please report any.
Kelmscott, Story Glittering Plain, 1891 or 1894, £8 offered.
—— Atalanta in Calydon, 1894, £6 offered
—— Herrick's Poems, 1895, £8 offered
—— King Florus, 1893, £3 offered
—— Love Lyrics, 1892, £6 offered
—— Shakespeare's Poems, 1893, £7 offered
—— Utopia, 1893, £4 offered
Kerner and Oliver's Natural History of Plants, 6 vols., 15s. offered
King and Queen of Hearts, Old Child's Book, any edition before 1820, 25s. each offered
King Glumpus, an Interlude, 1837, 10s. offd.
Kingsley (Chas.) Westward Ho! 3 vols, 1855, 20s. offered
Lady Jackson's Court of the Tuileries, 2 vols., 1883, 12s. offered
Lamb's Album Verses, 1830, 10s. offered
Lamb (C.) Mrs. Leicester's School, 1808, 25s. offered
—— Tales from Shakespeare, 2 vols, 1807, £3 offered
—— John Woodvill: A Tragedy, 1802, 10s. offered
Landor, any pamphlets or 1st editions
—— Count Julian, 1812, 10s. offered
—— Poems, 1795, £2 offered
—— Poetry by the author of "Gebir," 1802, £2 offered
—— Works, 8 vols., 1876, 30s. offered
Lang (Andrew), Ballads, Lyrics of Old France, 1872, 25s. offered
Lang's Blue Fairy Book, large paper, 1889, 25s. offered
—— Please report any 1st Editions
Last Essays of Elia, 1833, 25s. offered
Lecky on Declining Sense of the Miraculous, 1863, 8s. offered
Lecky's Leaders of Public Opinion, 1861, 10s. offered
Lecky's European Morals, 2 vols., 8vo, 10s. offered
—— Rationalism, 2 vols., 8vo, 10s. offd.
Leigh Hunt's Autobiography, 3 vols., 1850, 10s. offered
Leslie Taylor's Life of Reynolds, 2 vols., 1865, 15s. offered
Lever's Fortunes of Glencore, 3 vols., 1857, 10s. offered
—— That Boy of Norcott's, 1869, 10s. offd.
Lewis Arundel, 1852, 10s. offered
Lewis's Commercial Organisation of Factories, 10s. offered
Life of Faustus, coloured frontispiece, 1825, 7s. 6d. offered
Lockyer's Lyra Elegantiarum, 1867, 1st edit., 10s. offered
Lorna Doone, 3 vols, 1869, £3 offered
Lowell (J. R.), A Year's Life, Boston, 1841, 10s. offered
Lycett's Views in Australia, 1824, £2 offered
Lyrical Ballads, 1798, £2 offered
Madden's United Irishmen, 7 vols., 20s. offd.
Mademoiselle de Maupin, Vizetelly's Edition, 5s. offered
Maimonide's Guide of the Perplexed, 3 vols., 1885, 7s. 6d. offered
Malet's Annals of the Road, 1876, 15s. offd.
Malone's Life of Shakespeare, Edited by Boswell, 1821, 15s. offered
Malton's London and Westminster, 1792, £2 offered
Malton's View of Dublin, 1792, 25 coloured plates, £3 offered
Martial Achievements, 1815, £4 offered
Melanter's Poems, 1854, 5s. offered
Meredith's (Geo.) Works, Edit. de Luxe, 32 vols., £8 offered
—— Evan Harrington, 1st edit., 3 vols, 15s. offered
—— Harry Richmond, 1871, 3 vols, 15s. offered
—— Modern Love, 1862, 15s. offered
—— Ordeal of Richard Feverel, 3 vols, 1859, 15s. offered
—— Poems, 1851, £3 offered
—— Rhoda Fleming, 1865, vols, 15s. offered
Military Costume. Please report any books with Coloured Plates
Military Costume, British Military Library, 1799-1801, 28 coloured plates, 2 vols., £3 offered
Millais' Breath from the Veldt, 1895, £3 offd.
Mills' Dissertations and Discussions, 4 vols., 1875, 10s. offered
Milton, Paradise Lost, 1667, £25 offered
Miseries of Human Life, 50 coloured plates, 1808, £4 offered
Moggridge, Flora of Mentone, 1874, £1 offd.
Molloy's Court Life Below Stairs, 4 vols., 1st editions, 1882, 10s. offered
Molloy Royalty Restored, 2 vols., 5s. offd.
Moll Pitcher, a Poem, Boston, 1832, 25s. offd.
Moore, Alps in 1864, 25s. offered
Morgan, Ancient Society, 1877, 15s. offered
Morgan, Budget of Paradoxes, 1872, 10s. offered
Mommsen's History of Rome, 1868, 4 vols, £2 offered
Morris and Moritz Brewing, 7s. 6d. offered
Morris, Story of the Volsungs, 1870, 6s. offd.
Mudford's Historical Account Battle of Waterloo, 1817, £3 offered
Muller's Fertilisation of Plants, 1883, 10s. offered
Muthers' History of Painting, 3 vols., 25s. offered
National Standard, 1833, 10s. offered
Nattes Bath, 30 coloured plates, 1806, £2 offd
Naval Achievements, £3 offered
Nayler's Coronation George IV., 1837, £5 offered
Newgate Calendar, 6 vols., 15s. offered
Nicholson (Margaret) Poems, 1810, £5 offd.
Nimrod, a Discourse, History and Fable, 4 vols, 1828, 6s. offered
Nimrod's Northern Tour, 1838, 10s. offered
Notes and Queries, Index Vols. to Third or Fifth Series, 5s. each offered
Ode on the Departing Year, 16 pages, 1796, 10s. offered
Old English Squire, coloured plates, 1821, £2 offered
Oliver Twist, Part 10, 5s. offered
Omar Khayyam, published Madras, 1862, 21s. offered; also 1859 edition, paper covers, £5 offered
Orme's Military and Naval Anecdotes, 1819, £2 offered
Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 12 numbers, 1856, £2 offered
Pamela, 4 vols, 1741, £2 offered 1st edition
Papworth's British Armorials, 1874, 20s. offd.
Pardoe's Francis I., 2 vols.; Louis XIV., 3 vols.; Marie de Medici, 3 vols.; 15s. each work offered
Pasteur's Studies on Fermentation, 5s. offd.
Pater's Works, edit.-de-luxe, 9 vols, £4 offd.
Payne's Arabian Nights, 1882, 9 vols., £4 offered
—— Novels of Bandello, 1890, 6 vols., £3 offered
—— Tales from the Arabic, 1884, 3 vols., 30s. offered
—— The Decameron, 3 vols., 1886, 30s. offered
Peaks, Passes and Glaciers, 3 vols, 1850-62, 30s. offered
Perkins, Tuscan Sculptors, 2 vols., 1864, £1 offered
Phillimore, How to Write the History of a Family, 3 copies, 5s. each offered

Poe, Edgar A., Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems, Baltimore, 1829, 25s. offered
—— Poems, New York, 1831, 25s. offered
—— Poems, 1829, £2 offered
—— Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe; No. 1, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, Philadelphia, 1843, paper covers, 25s. offered
—— Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque Philadelphia, 1840, 2 vols, 25s. offd.
—— Tamerlane, and other Poems, by a Bostonian, Boston, 1827, £2 offd.
—— The Raven, and other Poems, New York, 1845, 2 vols, 25s. offered
Poems, chiefly Lyrical, 1830, £3 offd.
Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, published by Aylott and Jones, 1846, 25s. offered
Poems, by J. R., 1850, £2 offered
Poems, by Melanter, 1854, 5s. offered
Poems, by Two Brothers, 1827, £3 offered
Poetical Sketches by W. B., 1783, 25s. offd.
Poetry for Children, 2 vols, 1809, £4 offered
Polonius, 1852, 21s. offered
Pope's Rape of the Lock, 1714, 20s. offered
Presentation Copies of any well known authors—Browning, Dickens, Meredith, Morris, Stevenson, Wordsworth, and any notable authors.
Price, Bull Fights of Spain, 1858, 30s. offered
Prince Dorus, Old Child's Book, any edition before 1820, 25s. each offered
Prince of Abissinia. 2 vols., 1759, 15s. offd.
Propert's History Miniature Art, 1887. £3 offd
"Punch," 1841-1901, 121 vols., cloth, £10 offd.
Queen Victoria Coronation, a Coloured Panorama, published by Forres, 1838, 20s. offered
Quizem's Annals of Sporting, 1809, 10s. offd.
Ranke's History of England, 6 vols., 1875, 25s. offered
—— Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, 2 vols., 1852, 10s. offered
—— House of Brandenburg, 3 vols, 1849, 15s. offered
Rawlinson, Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy, 1873, 15s. offered
Rawstorne's Gamonia, 1837, £2 offered
Repton's Landscape Gardening, 1805, 15s. off.
Rice, Tiger Shooting, 1857, 9s. offered
Roadsters' Album, 1845, £2 offered
Robinson Crusoe, 2 vols., 1719-20, £2 offered
Robinson's Diary, 3 vols., 1869, 9s. offered
Romford Hounds, 12 parts, 1865, 25s. offd.
Rosamund Gray, A Tale, 1798, 25s. offered
Rossetti's Ballads and Sonnets, 1881, large paper copy. £5 offered
Rossetti's Collected Works, 1886, 2 vols, large paper copy, £5 offered
Rowlandson, any books illustrated by
—— Sketches from Nature, £2 offered
Rowlandson's Comforts of Bath, 1798 or 1858, £2 each offered
Rowlandson's Naples and the Campagna, 1815, 25s. offered
Sach's Physiology of Plants, 1887, 10s. offd.
Salaman and Absal, 1856, 21s. offered
Satan in Search of a Wife, 1831, 10s. offd.
Sauvan's Tour of the Seine, 1821, 21s. offd.
Scott (Sir W.), Waverley, 3 vols, 1814, 1st edition, £3 offered
—— Tales of My Landlord, 4 vols, 1st series, 1st edition, £2 offered
—— Novels, 1st Editions, in boards, any
—— Works, border edition, 48 vols., £5 offered
—— Guy Mannering, 1st edition, 3 vols., 1816, £2 offered
—— Ballads and Lyrical Pieces, 1806, boards, 5s. offered
—— Poems, please report any 1st edits. in boards
Scrope's Art of Deer Stalking, 1838, £3 offered
Scrope, Salmon Fishing, 1843, £3 offered
Sebright on Hawking, 1828, 10s. offered
Seebohm's Siberia in Europe, 1880, 6s. offd.
Shakespeare, 1709-10, by Rowe, 7 vols., 20s. offered
Shakespeare, Malone's Edition, 1821, 21 vols., £2 10s. offered
—— Notes by Singer, 10 vols., 1826, 30s. offered
—— By Staunton, 1865, folio, 30s. offered
Shakespeare, Notes by Valpy, 15 vols., 1832, 25s. offered
Shelley's Birds of Egypt, 1872, 15s. offered
Shelley Letters, with Essay by Browning, 1852, 25s. offered
Shelley's Adonais, an Elegy, Pisa, 1821, £5 offered
—— Alastor, or Spirit of Solitude, 1816, £3 offered
—— Hellas, a Lyrical Drama, 1822. £3 offd.
—— Laon and Cythna, 1818. £2 offered
—— Masque of Anarchy, 1832, 25s. offered
—— Poetical Works, 4 vols., 1839, 10s. offd.
—— Prometheus Unbound, 1820, 25s. offd.
—— Queen Mab, a Philosophical Poem, 1813, £5 offered
—— Another, 1821, 10s. offered
—— Rosalind and Helen, 1819, £2 offd.
Shelley's St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian, 1811, £3 offered
—— The Cenci, Italy, 1819, £3 offered
—— The Revolt of Islam, 1817, £2 offered
—— Any first editions or autograph letters of
—— Works, by Forman, 8 vols., 1880, £2 offered
Shirley's Deer Parks, 1867, 25s. offered.
Sibson's Illustrations to Humphrey's Clock, 1842, 25s. offered
Simonides (Poem), Bath, 1806, 10s. offered
Six Dramas of Calderon, 1853, 21s. offered
Sloane's Life of Napoleon, 1896, 4 vols., 30s. offered
Smith's Catalogue Raisonne, 1839-42, 9 vols., £20 offered
Smith's Catalogue Raisonne Supplement, 1842, £3 offered
Smith's Dictionary Christian Biography, 4 vols., 1877, 20s. offered
Smith's Life of a Fox, 1843. 15s. offered
Smith's British Mezzotint Portraits, 4 vols., 1883, £2 10s. offered
Smollett's Roderick Random, 2 vols, 1748, 25s. offered
—— Humphrey Clinker, 3 vols, 1771, 25s offered
—— Peregrine Pickle, 4 vols., 1751, 25s. offd
—— Works by Browne, 8 vols., 1872, £2 offered
Songs of the Chase, 1788, 20s. offered
Songs of Experience, 1794, 10s. offered
Songs of Innocence, 1789, 10s. offered
Sponge's Sporting Tour, in 13 monthly parts, 1853, 25s. offered
Sporting Books, please report any.
Sporting Repository, Coloured Plates, 1822, £15 offered
Stephen Phillips, Erasmus: A Poem, 1894, 10s. offered
—— Christ in Hades, 1896, 10s. offered
—— Eremus, privately printed for presentation to friends, 15s. offered
—— Eremus, 1st Edition, 1894. 10s. offd.
—— Paolo and Francesca, 1st Edition, 10s. offered
—— Poems, 1889, 1st Edition, 10s. offered
—— Orestes, and other Poems, 1884, 15s. offered
Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 12 coloured plates, in paper boards, 20s. offered
Stevenson's Birds of Norfolk, 3 vols., 1866, 30s. offered
Stevenson (R. L.), A Child's Garden of Verses, 1885, 15s. offered
—— An Inland Voyage, 1878, 15s. offered
—— Edinburgh, 1879, 25s. offered
—— New Arabian Nights, 2 vols, 1882, First Edition, 25s. offered
—— Pentland Rising, paper covers, Edin., 1866, 25s. offered
—— Travels with a Donkey, 1879, 15s. offd.
—— Virginibus Puerisque, 1881, 15s. offd.
—— Works, Edinburgh Edition, 28 vols, 1894-98, £21 offered
Stopes, Malt and Malting, 8s. offered
Strange Japanese Illustrations, several copies, 3s. 6d. each offered
Stuart's Nile Gleanings, 6s. offered
Stubbs' Constitutional History, 3 vols., 10s. offered
Studio Magazine, please report any Nos.
Suckling's Fragmenta Aurea, 1646. £3 offd.
Surtees, Handley Cross, 1854, 25s. offered
—— Ask Mamma, 1858, 25s. offered
—— Facey Romford's Hounds, 1865, 25s. offered
—— Hawbuck Grange, 1847, 25s. offered
—— Plain or Ringlets, 1860. 25s. offered
Swinburne, Atalanta in Calydon, white cloth, 1865, 35s. offered
Swinburne's Queen Mother and Rosamund Pickering, 1866, £3 offered
Swinburne's Under the Microscope, paper covers, 1872, 5s. offered
Symonds' Age of the Despots, 1875, 10s. offd.
—— Essays, Speculative and Suggestive, 2 vols, 1890, 15s. offered
—— Italian Literature, 2 vols, 1881, 25s. offered
—— Renaissance in Italy, 7 vols
—— Shakespeare's Predecessors, 1884, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Sketches in Italy and Greece, 1874, 10s. offered
—— Sonnets, Michael Angelo, etc., 1878, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Studies from the Greek Poets, 1st Edition, 2 vols, 1873-74, 10s. offered
—— Wine, Women, and Song, 1884, or 1889, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Any First Editions or Autograph Letters of
Tales of the Trains by Tilbury Tramp, Orr, 1845, 15s. offered
Taunton's Racehorses, 4 vols., 1887, £2 offd.
Tennyson's In Memoriam, 1st edit., 1850, 20s. offered
—— Poems, 1830, £3 offered
—— Poems, 1833, £3 offered
—— Poems, 2 vols., 1842, 20s. offered
Tennyson's The Lover's Tale, 1833, £3 offered
—— The Window and The Victim, privately printed at Canford Manor, pamphlets, £10 each offered
Thackeray's Book of Snobs, paper covers, 1848, 25s. offered
Thackeray's Vanity Fair, in 20 monthly 1s. Nos., £5 offered
Thackeray's Vanity Fair, any odd Nos., 5s. each offered
Thackeray's Works, Edit.-de-Luxe, £9 offered
Thackeray, please report any 1st Editions in monthly parts
The Inheritance (Old Novel), 3 vols., 1824, 7s. 6d. offered
The Snob, 1829, £2 offered
Thompson Dynamo Electric Machinery, several copies, recent editions, 5s. each offered
Titmarsh, Comic Tales and Sketches, 2 vols, 1841, £2 offered
—— Second Funeral of Napoleon, 1841, pamphlet, £2 offered
Titmarsh, An Interesting Event, Bogue, 1849, 10s. offered
Tour through Paris, coloured plates, 1822, £3 offered
Tudor Trans. of Montaigne, Edited by Henley, 1892, 3 vols., £3 offered
Tuer's History of the Horn Book, 2 vols., 1896, 25s. offered
Under Greenwood Tree, 2 vols, 1872, 10s. 6d. offered
Vathek: An Arabian Tale, 1786, 10s. offered
Villon Society, Book of the 1,000 Nights and One Night, 9 vols., 1882-4, £6 offered
—— Tales from the Arabic, 3 vols., 1884, £2 offered
—— Decameron, 3 vols., 1886, £2 offered
—— Novels of Bandello, 6 vols., 1890, £3 offered
Virginia, All Histories of Virginia, dated 1705, 1722; Virginia Impartially Examined, by Bullock, 1649, £2 each offered
Virginia, Books on, by Williams, 1650; Stith, 1747; Captain Smith, 1612; Jones, 1724; Jefferson, 1782; Hamor, 1615; Copland, 1622; £2 each offered
Vizetelly's Publications, please report any
Von Sybel's History of the Crusades, 1861, 4s. offered
Von Sybel, Hist. French Revolution, 4 vols, 1867, £2 offered
Vyner's Notitia Venatica. 1841, 25s. offered
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, 5 vols., 1828, 30s. offered
Walpole's Fugitive Pieces, 1758, 10s. offered
Walpole's Reign Geo. III., 2 vols, 1859, 20s. offered
Walton's Complete Angler, 1653, £10 offered; also please report all editions before 1700
Warwickshire Hunt, 1837, 25s. offered
Watson's History of Halifax, 1777, 30s. offd.
Watts' Divine Songs, 1715, 21s. offered
Watts's Hymns, 1707. £2 offered
Webster's Works, Edited by Dyce, 4 vols., 1830, 10s. offered
Westall and Owen's River Thames, 1828, £2 offered
Westmacott's The English Spy, 1825, 2 vols., £4 offered
Whistler's Gentle Art of Making Enemies, 1890, 10s. offered
Whitaker's Deer Parks, 1892, 10s. offered.
White's History Selborne, 1789, £3 offered
Whitney's Choice of Emblems, 1586, £5 offered
Wigstead's N. and S. Wales, 1800, 10s. offd.
Wilde's Salome, illustrated by Beardsley, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Lady Windermere's Fan, 7s. 6d. offd.
—— Poems, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Woman of No Importance, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Any books by
Williams' Key to the Language of America, 1643, £10 offered
Williamson's John Russell, R.A., 1894, 20s. offered
Williamson's Richard Cosway, 1897, large paper, £5 offered
Wordsworth's Descriptive Sketches in Verse, 1793, 20s. offered
—— An Evening Walk, 27 pages, 1793, 20s. offered
—— Lyrical Ballads, 2 vols., 1800, 10s. offered
—— Poems, 2 vols, 1807, 10s. offered
—— River Duddon, 1820, 10s. offered
—— Thanksgiving Ode, 1816, 5s. offered
—— The Waggoner, 1819, 5s. offered
—— Any Autograph Letters or First Editions of his Works
Yarrell's Birds, 4th edit., 4 vols., 1871, £2 offered
Young's Emperors of Turkey, 1815. £2 offd.
Yule's Marco Polo, 1871 or 1875, £2 offered
Zola's Illustrated Novels, pub. by Vizetelly, 2s. each given

XUM